

# THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

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By Post, 6½d.



MISS ADA SWANBOROUGH AS 'MISS TREMAINE' IN "OLD SAILORS."



## RAILWAYS.

**LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.**  
Notice.—On and after FRIDAY, January 1, 1875, the FIRST and SECOND CLASS FARES between London, Bedford, Northampton, and towns in the Eastern district of the company's system, Liverpool, Manchester, and Carlisle, will be REDUCED to the same fares as charged by other railway companies.

The First and Second Class Fares between England and Scotland will be revised and reduced, and return tickets of all classes will be available for one month.

Through booking of second-class passenger traffic between Midland and London and North-Western Companies will be discontinued.

Return tickets, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd classes, with the exceptions named below, will be generally available between all stations for distances up to and including 50 miles for seven days, and above that distance for one month. This will be extended to through booking arrangements with the North Staffordshire, Cambrian, Furness, Great Northern, and Great Eastern Railway Companies.

The stations excepted are between London, Oxford, Banbury, Leamington, Birmingham, Dudley, Wednesbury, Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury, Chester, Birkenhead, and the Shrewsbury and South Wales district.

Third-class passengers will be carried by the same trains as at present. A revised scale of season tickets for corn, coal, and cattle dealers will be issued.

Reserved first-class compartments, and the use of family carriages and sleeping saloons, may be obtained on application to the company's district superintendents at Euston Stations (London), Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Chester, Lancaster, Shrewsbury, Abergavenny, and Swansea; or to the Chief Passenger Superintendent, Euston Station.—By order.  
GEORGE FINDLAY,  
Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station,  
London, December 29, 1874.

## LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

Insurance of Valuable Parcels.—On and after Friday, 1st January, 1875, a considerably REDUCED SCALE of RATES will be brought into operation at the stations for the INSURANCE of VALUABLE PARCELS, conveyed by the London and North-Western Railway, both by passengers and goods trains.

Full particulars of these rates will be given in the company's public notices, and may be obtained from the station masters and goods agents throughout the line.  
GEORGE FINDLAY,  
Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, Dec. 1874.

23, IRONMONGER LANE, LONDON.  
(The Old House.)

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(ESTABLISHED 1839),  
HAVE REMOVED FROM 231, STRAND, TEMPLE BAR,  
TO 19, PICCADILLY, CORNER OF AIR STREET.

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ORIGINAL MAKER OF THE

**VENTILATED COATS,  
THE IDSTONE BOOTS**

(Registered), and other specialities.

From Field, Jan. 30:—"As regards manufacture, that calls for no criticism. J. C. Cording and Co. have been too long before the public to fail in that respect."

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In their Boots Corns and Bunions cannot exist.

See quotations from daily letters to Fagg Brothers, Bootmakers,  
29, Haymarket, London.

"I enclose cheque for your bill, and must ask you to keep the lasts which were used in making these boots, which fit to perfection. I have suffered so much that I cannot resist thanking you for the comfort I derive from your skill and attention.—J. T., April 23, 1874."

## OLD GLENLIVAT WHISKY.

THE FINEST WHISKY THAT SCOTLAND PRODUCES.

19s. per GALLON.

42s. per Dozen, Bottles and Cases included.

Two and 3 dozen cases, and 4 to 6 gallon jars, carriage paid to any railway station in England. Jars charged 1s. 2d. per gallon; allowed for when returned.

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WINE MERCHANTS,  
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Natural Wines, free from plaster ..... under 26 p. ct. ... 30s. to 36s.  
The finest Old Wines shipped, ditto ..... 30 to 35 p. ct. ... 40s. to 75s.

**RED WINES.**  
Consumo (Portuguese Claret), from Oporto .. under 26 p. ct. ... 24s.  
Collares (Portuguese Claret), from Lisbon .. Ditto ..... 26s.  
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\* The only House where unplastered Sherries can be obtained.

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A GREAT SELECTION OF FRENCH, ENGLISH, AND GERMAN JEWELLERY.

Gold Watches from £3 3s. to £40.  
Silver Watches from £2 2s. to £10 10s.

A Great Assortment of Clocks and Timepieces.

**FINE ART.—E. C. HOGAN, 3, ST. MICHAEL'S ALLEY, CORNHILL,** has on view Choice Specimens of Old WORCESTER, CHELSEA, DRESDEN, and SEVRES CHINA, also a Collection of OIL PAINTINGS by the best Masters, amongst which are three splendid examples of F. R. LEA, R.A., also CHARLES HUNT's last and finest work, entitled "Terms of Peace."

BRONZES and various articles of VERTU.

## THEATRES.

**THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.**—Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. CHARTERTON.—Every Evening at 7, TEN OF 'EM, after which the Christmas Grand Comic Pantomime, ALADDIN; or, THE WONDERFUL LAMP. The celebrated Vokes Family. Harlequinade, Double Troupe of Pantomimists. Morning Performances Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday.—Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

**LYCEUM.—HAMLET.—MR. HENRY IRVING.**—THIS and EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Hamlet, Mr. Henry Irving; King, Mr. T. Swinburne; Polonius, Mr. Chippendale; Laertes, Mr. E. Leathes; Horatio, Mr. G. Neville; Ghost, Mr. T. Mead; Osric, Mr. H. B. Conway; Marcellus, Mr. F. Clements; First Actor, Mr. Beveridge; Rosencrantz, Mr. Webber; Guildenstern, Mr. Beaumont; and First Gravedigger, Mr. Compton, &c.; Gertrude, Miss G. Pauncefort; Player Queen, Miss Hampden; and Ophelia, Miss Isabel Bateman. Preceded, at 6.50, with FISH OUT OF WATER. Mr. Compton. Doors open at 6.30. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

**HAMLET.**—Notice.—STALL CHAIRS are now PLACED in the ORCHESTRA, and specially reserved to accommodate the public by payment at the doors in the evening only. Stalls, 7s.; dress circle, 5s.; boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.; private boxes, 31s. 6d. to 63s. Seats may be secured one month in advance. Box-office open 10 till 5.—LYCEUM THEATRE. Sole Lessee and Responsible Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

**ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—Mr. Henry Neville, Sole Lessee and Manager.—LEGITIMATE ATTRACTION FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—The great realistic drama of the day, THE TWO ORPHANS, will be repeated every evening, in consequence of its increasing success. THE GARRICK SCENE, with its startling incidents, received with deafening applause. Superlative cast: Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Fowler, Messrs. William Rignold, Harcourt, Voltaire, Sugden, Roland, and Atkins; Mesdames Ernestine, Huntley, Harcourt, Hazleton, Taylor, and Charles Viner. At 7, TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER; at 7.30, THE TWO ORPHANS. Box Office hours, 11 to 5. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at 6.30.

**ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.**—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. SWANBOROUGH.—THIS EVENING, at 7, INTRIGUE. At 7.20, OLD SAILORS. Messrs. Terry, Vernon, Cox, Graham, Stephenson; Mesdames Ada Swanborough, M. Terry, and Raymond. At 9.15, LOO, AND THE PARTY WHO TOOK MISS. Messrs. Terry, Marius, and Cox; Mesdames Claude, Venne, Jones, &c.

**GLOBE THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. FRANCIS FAIRLIE.—This, and Every Evening, Miss LYDIA THOMPSON and Company will make their first appearance at this Theatre in a Grand Pantomime Bouffe (by H. B. Farnie, Esq.), entitled BLUE BEARD. Characters in the opening by Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs. Lionel Brough, Willie Edouin, George Beckett, &c.; Mesdames Rachel Sanger (specially engaged), Ella Chapman (her first appearance in England), Topsy Venn, Emily Duncan, Courtney, Russell, D'Aquila, Kathleen Irwin, &c. Characters in the Harlequinade: Columbine Miss Lydia Thompson; Harlequin, Mr. George Beckett; Clown, Mr. Willie Edouin; Pantaloon, Mr. George Barrett; Policeman, Mr. Lionel Brough. New and elaborate Scenery by Messrs. Maltby and Hann. Costumes by Madame Wilson and Sam May, from designs by Alfred Thompson, Esq. Produced under the direction of Mr. Alexander Henderson. Incidental to the Bouffe will be Two Tableaux, arranged by John O'Connor, Esq. (and realised by living figures), the one after the celebrated picture of "The Roll Call," the other "Una" (after Frost's picture from Spenser's "Faerie Queen"). Full band and chorus of 60. "Blue Beard" will be preceded (at seven) by the Comedietta A PRETTY PIECE OF BUSINESS. Mesdames Rachel Sanger, Kathleen Irwin, Thérèse de Valery, G. R. Ireland, and George Barrett. Box plan now open. A Morning Performance of "Blue Beard" to-day, Saturday (Boxing Day).

**OPERA COMIQUE.**—IXION RE-WHEEL'D, by F. C. Burnand, EVERY EVENING at 8.50. Preceded, at 7, by H. J. Byron's Comedy, WAR TO THE KNIFE. Mesdames Amy Sheridan, Bufton, Berend, Bella Goodall, E. Pitt, Volkins, Stuart, Daly, Beverley, Hatherley, and Pattie Laverne, &c.; Messrs. J. D. Stoyke, H. Farrell, R. Temple, Sullivan, Harry Crouch, E. Garden, and Melbourne.—GASTON MURRAY, Acting Manager.

**CRITERION THEATRE, Regent Circus, Piccadilly.**—Sole Proprietors and responsible Managers, SPIERS & POND. Every Evening at 8, LES PRES SAINT-GERVAIS, new Comic Opera in English, by Charles Lecocq. The original French Libretto by MM. Victorien Sardou and P. H. Gille. Adapted by Robert Reece. The piece produced under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston. Conductor, Mr. F. Stanislaus. Principal Artists: Mme. Pauline Rita, Camille Dubois, Lillian Adair, Florence Hunter, Emily Thorne; Messrs. A. Brenner, Connell, Hogan, Grantham, Loredan, and Perrini. The Opera commences at 8 and terminates at 11. Box-office open from 10 till 5.—Acting Manager, Mr. EDWARD MURRAY.

**ROYAL COURT THEATRE.**—Sole Proprietor and Manager, Miss MARIE LITTON.—Every Evening. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30, with PEACOCK'S HOLIDAY. Mr. W. J. Hill. At 8.30, BRIGHTON. Miss Litton, Mesdames Edith Challis, Rose Egan, Alice Della, M. Davis, and Mrs. Chippendale; Mr. Charles Wyndham, Messrs. Edgar Bruce, W. J. Hill, Clifford Cooper, C. Steyne, Russell, Bentley, Vincent, &c.—Acting Manager, Mr. Charles Walter.

**ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.**—Sole Responsible Manager, W. HOLLAND, the People's Caterer. THURSDAY next, CHRISTMAS EVE (Grand Pantomime), by Frank Green, THE FORTY THIEVES AND THE COURT BARBER; or, Harlequin and the Five Tiny Pigs, the Sad Little Prigs, and the Fairies of the Laburnum Lake.

**SURREY THEATRE.**—Pantomime surpassing even the great triumph of last year. Scenery painted by Grieve and Sons. Grand Ballets by L. Espinosa. Prices of admission from Sixpence to Three Guineas. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7.

**SURREY THEATRE.**—Wonderful PAYNE FAMILY, Nellie Moon, Annetta Seasi, Florence Aden, Celine Wallace, Rosa Mandeville, Lizzie Mordaunt, Katie Russell, Katie Walsingham. Principal Dancers, The Sisters Elliott.

**SURREY THEATRE.**—W. B. FAIR, H. Nicholls, Fred Shepperd, W. Stacey, Brothers Elliott, Turtle Jones, &c., and Forty Lovely Thieves. Clown, the inimitable Harry Payne. Seats booked at Theatre or Libraries free of charge.

**ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL.**—Manager, Mr. JOHN BAUM.—Immense Success of Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, WHITTINGTON. Mesdames Kate Santley, Julia Mathews, Lennox Grey, Grace Amyntage; Messrs. H. Paulton, J. Rouse, W. M. Terrott, Swarbeck, W. Worboys, Clifton, Paul, Parry, and C. Heywood; Milles, Pitteri, Pertoldi, Sidonie, and M. Dewinne. The increased Orchestra, conducted by Mons. G. Jacobi. The magnificent Dresses and Costumes designed by A. Thompson, Esq. Prices from 6d. to £2 2s. Box office open from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m.

**ALHAMBRA.**—Enthusiastic Reception of Miss KATE SANTLEY on her Re-appearance as Dick in Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, WHITTINGTON.

**ALHAMBRA.**—Gigantic Success of Miss JULIA MATHEWS as Alice in Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, WHITTINGTON.

**MISS KATE SANTLEY as DICK WHITTINGTON,** ROYAL ALHAMBRA THEATRE, Every Evening.

**PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.**—Last Six Nights of "Giroflé-Girofla."—Manager, Mr. SHEPHERD.—At 7.30, UP IN THE WORLD. At 8.20, Lecocq's Great Opera, GIROFLÉ-GIROFLA. Mesdames Manetti, Everard, and Messrs. Henry Nordblom, J. Murray, and E. Rosenthal. The Great Dorset Family of French Pantomimists. The only Theatre in which this Grand Opera can be performed. Stalls, 5s.—Reproduction of LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT, on Saturday, January 9th.

**NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, BISHOPSGATE.**—ROBINSON CRUSOE, the best Pantomime ever produced. Every Evening at 7. Morning performances every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, to which children, under ten, half price.

**BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.**—Sole Proprietor, Mrs. S. LAKE.—Triumphantly Successful. See the Gorgeous Transformation Scene.—At quarter before Seven, THE BLACK STATUE; or, THE ENCHANTED PILLS AND THE MAGIC APPLE TREE. Mrs. S. LAKE and Mr. G. H. MACDERMOTT; Milles, J. Summers, Polly Randall, L. Rayner, Fanny Lupino; Messrs. Bell, Bigwood, Lewis, Holland. The Great LUPINO TROUPE (10 in number). With THE RED MAN'S RIFLE. Messrs. Reynolds; Miss M. Bellair.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The Christmas Festivities will be continued daily during week ending Jan. 9th, 1875. Preliminary entertainment at 12.30, comprising feats by Arabian Athletes, Performing Dogs, Comic Ballet, M. Josset's Pas Grotesque, &c. &c. At 3, Pantomime CINDERELLA, by E. L. Blanchard, Esq. Scenery by Messrs. Fenton and Emden. Transformation Scene, "A Fairy's Wedding," by Mr. Charles Brew. Ballet by M. Espinosa. Music by Oscar H. Barrett. Characters by the Paynes, Misses Caroline Parkes, Emmeline Cole, Annie Thirlwall, Alice Mansfield, Aynsley Cook, &c. Clown, Mr. Harry Payne. The whole produced under the direction of Mr. T. H. Friend, the Company's Stage Manager.—Numbered Stalls Half-a-Crown, may be booked in advance. Monday to Friday, One Shilling; Saturday, Half-a-Crown; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

**MARYLEBONE THEATRE.**—Three minutes from Edgware Road Station.—The best Pantomime, gorgeous Transformation Scene ever witnessed, FAIRIES. LITTLE BOY BLUE COME BLOW YOUR HORN; or, THE FAIRIES WHO FOUND HIM ASLEEP IN THE CORN. Introducing Mr. J. A. Cave, Master Paris, H. Paulo, and C. Wilford; Miss F. Mortimer, Miss Burlette, and Treble Troupe of Pantomimists. Every Evening at 7. Gallery, 4d.; Pit, 6d.; Boxes, 1s. Over in time for early trains.

**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.**—Admission Sixpence, every day (except Sunday) from December 24 to January 6, inclusive.

**BARRY SULLIVAN'S FAREWELL of England,** Scotland, and Ireland, previous to his return visit to America. THEATRE ROYAL, BELFAST, MONDAY, DECEMBER 21, for TWENTY-FOUR NIGHTS.  
Greenock. Glasgow. Aberdeen. Newcastle. Liverpool. Sheffield.  
&c. &c. to follow.  
Business Manager, T. S. AMON.

**MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, BAKER STREET.**—NOW ADDED, PORTRAIT MODELS of the Duchess of EDINBURGH, the Czar of Russia, Sir Garnet Wolseley, the three Judges in the Tichborne Trial, Cockburn, Mellor, and Lush; the Shah of Persia, Marshal MacMahon, and the late Mr. Charles Dickens.—Admission, 1s.; children under ten, 6d.; Extra Rooms, 6d.—Open from nine a.m. till ten p.m.

**MASKELYNE & COOKE.**—FIFTH WEEK of the NEW SEANCE. EVERY DAY at Three, EVERY NIGHT at Eight, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY. Admission from 5s. to 1s. Box-office open from 10 till 5, and seats can be booked at Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street, and all Agents.

**MASKELYNE & COOKE.—NEW DRAWING-ROOM, EGYPTIAN HALL.**—W. MORTON, Manager.—Twice Daily, at Three and Eight. The Times of November 12th, 1874, says:—"Many people, no doubt, believe in the medium, but more, we expect, in Maskelyne and Cooke. The former cheats us, telling us that it is all real and true, whereas, if we cannot believe, we wax angry. The latter cheats us, tricks us out of our senses, fools us to the top of our bent, telling us all the time that he is doing that and nothing else, and at this we are pleased, and, leaving, tell our friends to go and be pleased likewise. That they do go and are pleased we have abundant evidence in the length of time it has seemed good for Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke to stay in the same place, and this, too, we hold to be good proof that it must be as pleasant for these gentlemen to cheat us as it apparently is for us to be cheated. Everybody, sceptic or believer, should go at once to the Egyptian Hall."

**MR. F. H. BELLEW, the New Baritone, pupil of Mr. C. J. Bishenden,** the celebrated bass, will shortly make his FIRST APPEARANCE in OPERA-BOUFFE in London.

**OPERA-BOUFFE.**—Managers requiring Ladies or Gentlemen for Singing Business will find an extensive List of Artists at Mr. R. D'OYLY CARTE'S Office. Mr. Carte is Agent for all the principal Theatres in London and the Provinces at which musical pieces are played.—OPERA AND CONCERT AGENCY, 20, Charing Cross.

**S. HAYES' WESTEND BOX-OFFICE.**—Cramer and Co., 199, Regent Street, W.—PRIVATE BOXES, Stalls, and Front-row Dress Circle, at every theatre in London.

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Correspondence in Four European Languages.  
OFFICE HOURS ..... 11 to 4.

Mr. Roberts has unequalled advantages in introducing premier provincial and genuine novelties to the leading English and Foreign managers, from whom he has instructions to engage talent of the best stamp for early or distant dates.

The Engagements of George Leybourne, Clarence Holt, Henri Clark, Fred Foster, Harvey and Connolly, Fred Albert, E. A. Hart, Pearson (Sussex Dwarf), Algar's Monstre Troupe, The Banvards, Minnie Rogers, Elspa and Sillo, Rogers and Leslie, Coyne, Harman and Elston, Milburn, The Randalls, Kate Bella, Sisters Lindon, Fox and Laura Sedgwick, Clara Fay's Fairy Troupe, The Quakers, The Richardsons, The Italian Choir, Tom Lucette, Prof. Beaumont, Stella de Vere, Seward Brothers, Matthews Family, Bryant's Marionettes, Edgar Wilson, Laura Fay, Estelle Troupe, Sybil Ray, Bessie Bonnell, Lonie Rosalie, Misses Creswick and Vezin, Annie Wilkey, Elise Vibart, Little Lizzie Cooto, Saphrini, Sidney Stevens, Dick Geldard, Harry Daley, Maude Beverley, Lizzie Barrett, Fred Roberts, Storelli, Albert West, Flora Plimssell, Celia Dashwood, Mdlle. Esther Austin's Great Troupe, Nelly Estelle and Milly Howes, Coupar, Quilter and Goldrick, The Guidas and Neviers Skaters, Harvey Trio, De Voy, Le Clerq, and Hearne, Sam Torr, Mons. Bonvini and Mdlle. Lanzani, and fifty other favourites,

Are made by this Agency.

**CHARLES ROBERTS' STAR LOUNGE CORNER CLUB ROOMS,** 55, WATERLOO ROAD.  
Notice.—No Booking Fees.

JUVENILE nights will take place at both the Princess's and the Adelphi theatres, on each Wednesday and Friday, when the pantomime will be represented first, commencing at seven o'clock.

*La Fille de Madame Angot* will be revived to-night at the Philharmonic, for the first appearance of Mdlle. Morensi, prima-donna contralto, from La Scala, Milan, and the Imperial Theatre, St. Petersburg, who will sustain the rôle of 'Mdlle. Lange.'

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The forty-third annual general meeting of the members of this society was held in Exeter Hall on Thursday week.—Mr. Daniel Hill, president, in the chair. After referring to the long and useful career of the society, which had become the parent of an innumerable offspring in this and foreign countries, Mr. Hill congratulated the members upon the unfading popularity of the society. Their constant and zealous determination was to aim at the highest standard of excellence in the selection and performance of the music placed before the public. Though in course of years many changes in the administration had taken place, and many valued colleagues were gone, the society remained unchanged in purpose and in power to carry on the work begun by its founders in the year 1832. The honorary secretary, Mr. E. H. Mannering, read an interesting report of the proceedings of the past year, referring at some length to the novelties introduced, as also to the unparalleled success of the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. Meanwhile internal arrangements had not been neglected. During the recess great pains had been taken to examine the state of the choir, and by a copious infusion of new voices the effect produced in brilliancy and fulness of tone was very satisfactory. The treasurer, Mr. W. H. Whithall, read a statement of accounts showing receipts £4,579 9s. 3d.; expenses, £4,247 18s. 7d., leaving a balance in his hands of £331 10s. 8d. Complimentary votes to the conductor, officers, and chairman concluded the business of the meeting.



## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1875.

### MR. BARRY SULLIVAN.

THIS distinguished tragedian whose reputation, especially in the provinces, equals if it does not exceed that of any of his contemporaries, was, according to *Men of the Time*, born at Birmingham in 1824, made his first appearance, on any stage, at Cork in 1840, when his success was so great that he determined to adopt the stage as a profession. After studying for some time in Ireland, he proceeded to Scotland, and joined the company of the Royal Edinburgh, under the management of the late W. H. Murray; here he remained for several seasons, studying hard and making rapid strides in his profession. He then visited Paisley, Dundee, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Manchester. His reputation having reached the Metropolis, he was engaged by Mr. B. Webster, and made his first appearance in London at the Haymarket Theatre, in November 1851, in the character of 'Hamlet' with decided success. During his continuance at that theatre he repeatedly had the honour of appearing before the Queen and the late Prince Albert. He subsequently had engagements at the St. James's Theatre, Sadler's Wells, the Standard, and Drury Lane, and, after making a farewell tour of the United Kingdom, sailed for America in November, 1857. He met with an enthusiastic reception throughout the United States and the new dominion of Canada. Returning to London in May, 1860, he reappeared at the St. James's Theatre. He then made a second tour of the United Kingdom, and sailed for Australia in May, 1861, his success being so great that he played nearly 1,000 nights in Melbourne alone. He also held several engagements at Sydney, and after paying a visit to Queensland, sailed from Brisbane for India, and reached England in June, 1866, thus completing a tour of the world. In the following September he reappeared at Drury Lane in the characters of 'Richard III,' 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' &c. About 1869-70 he was lessee of the Holborn Theatre.

### MISS ADA SWANBOROUGH.

SINCE the day Mrs. Swanborough undertook the management of the merriest little theatre in London, favourites, male and female, have come and gone, but we seriously question whether any of them ever won a higher place in the esteem and affection of the public than the subject of this notice. The trite phrase, "intelligent and painstaking actress," describes her, it is true, but most inadequately. She can boast of qualities which many of her sisters in the profession might envy her the possession of, these being chiefly the purest taste, considerable emotional power, and a capacity to give point to what we may term "comedy-dialogue"—a kind of writing that is not always as brilliant as it sounds from the lips of a true artist. It is just as natural to look for Miss Ada Swanborough at the Strand as it is to pleasantly anticipate the appearance of Mrs. Bancroft at the Prince of Wales's. She is an essential part of the show. Without her those bright pieces which precede the burlesque or *opéra-bouffe* would lack much of their brilliancy, and we need scarcely say that it is with considerable pleasure we add her portrait to our gallery. Her first appearance was in a two-act comedietta, adapted from the French by Mr. T. L. Greenwood, so long known as the associate of Mr. Phelps in the management of Sadler's Wells. The piece bore the title of "Is it the King?" There is no necessity for describing the plot of this agreeable and successful little trifle, but we cannot refrain from quoting the verdict passed on the young actress by the veteran critic of the *Times*. He wrote—"Miss Ada Swanborough is very young, and is evidently a novice in the profession, but to the advantages of an exceedingly pleasing person, she adds the qualifications of genial intelligence and unexceptionable good taste. Rarely do we see a more agreeable figure than that of the pretty blonde damsel in the second act, who looks almost childishly innocent, and sings a little song, certainly with a small voice, but in a manner most unaffected." That same "small voice" became stronger, and it is simply true that when Mr. George Honey and others of the great people who at that time peopled the famous little stage were playing in burlesque, the pure treble of Miss Ada Swanborough was one of the most enjoyable of the vocal attractions of the Strand.

Miss Ada Swanborough has played many parts, and created not a few. It is a great thing to say, but it is none the less a fact, that she never made a failure. We cannot find space for an enumeration of them all, but the following will show how thorough a mistress of her art she is. 'Cicely Homespun' in *The Hair-at-Law*, 'Estelle Fitzwalter' in *My Preserver*, 'Matilda Gushington' in *Marriage at any Price*, 'Blanche' in the burlesque of *The Duke's Motto*, 'Abdallah' in *Ali Baba*, 'Pauline' in *The Very Latest Edition of the Lady of Lyons*, 'Leonie' in *The Ladies' Battle*, 'Hardress Cregan' in the burlesque of *Eily O'Connor*, 'Patient Penelope', 'Romeo' to Miss Marie Wilton's 'Juliet' in the fifth act of the tragedy, 'Alexina' in Sheridan Knowles's play of that name, and leading parts in *William Tell*, *Windsor Castle*, *Field of the Cloth of Gold*, *Milky White*, *Caliph of Bagdad*, *Dolly's Delusion*, *Old Soldiers*, *Old Sailors*, *Two Stars*, &c., &c. At present she is to be seen to considerable advantage in one of Mr. H. Byron's most successful comediettas.

### The Drama.

NOW THAT all the pantomimes, more numerous on the present Christmas than for many previous winters, are before the public, they may be pronounced to be, on the whole, of superior excellence. While all exhibit great care and lavish expenditure in their production, there are distinctive features in each to render them individually attractive, and the majority are characterised by a taste and daintiness in the treatment of the various nursery rhymes and fairy legends which form the subjects; a magnificence in the mounting, the elegant and fanciful designs of the dresses, picturesque ballets, and the splendour and poetic beauty of the elaborate transformation scenes that have never hitherto been surpassed. As mentioned in our summary last week, several managers produced their Christmas entertainments in anticipation of the orthodox Boxing-night. Mr. Hollingshead, a full week in advance, opened the Holborn Amphitheatre with the opera-pantomime *Cinderella*, on Saturday week, and produced *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the Gaiety. Next came Mr. E. L. Blanchard's pantomime, *Cinderella*, or *Harlequin and the Little Glass Slipper*, the *Magic Pumpkin*, the *Butterfly's Ball*, and the *Grasshopper's Feast*, on the following Tuesday; the principal characters in which are sustained by the clever pantomimists, W. H. Payne, and his two sons, and Miss Caroline Parkes. Mr. Chatterton launched *Beauty and the Beast*, at the Princess's on Wednesday, and *The Children in the Wood* at the Adelphi on Christmas Eve, both supplied by the Brothers Grimm. In the former, which is performed in conjunction with the still attractive drama of *Lost in London*, Miss Kate Vaughan, hitherto known only

as a most graceful *danseuse*, sustains the part of 'Beauty' (Zemira), and proves that she is also a piquante actress, and an accomplished singer. Mr. George Belmore also lends his comic abilities in a leading part in the opening. In the latter, which is preceded by the sensation drama of *A Prayer in the Storm*, the principal parts in the opening are sustained by Miss Hudspeh, Miss Edith Stuart, Miss Sylvia Hodson, Miss Amalia, and Little Katie Logan, Mr. J. Fawn (late of the Surrey) and Mr. Calhaem as a negro. Mr. Field introduced at the Charing Cross Theatre Miss Carry Nelson and her provincial company, who appeared in the successful extravaganza of *Aladdin*, or *the Wonderful Lamp*, on Wednesday last week, in succession to Miss Lydia Thompson and her troupe, whose engagement there terminated the previous evening, and who migrated to the Globe, where, strengthened by additional engagements, including Miss Rachel Sanger, Ella Chapman, Julia Vokins, &c., they appeared on the following Thursday (Christmas eve) in *Blue Beard*, which has undergone some alterations and additions, including a harlequinade ending, in which Miss Lydia Thompson appears as columbine, Mr. Edouin as clown, Mr. Temple as harlequin, and Mr. Brough as the comic policeman. On Christmas eve also were produced the pantomimes *Forty Thieves*, *the Court Barber*, &c., supported by the Payne family, at the Surrey; *Jack and Jill*; or, *Harlequin Robin Hood* at the Victoria; *Snip Snap Snorum*; or, *Harlequin Birds, Beasts, and Fishes* at the Grecian; *Little Boy Blue*, *Come blow your Horn* at the Marylebone; *The Sleeping Beauty* at the New Albion; and a most dainty and amusing Christmas entertainment at Hengler's Grand Cirque in the shape of a grand juvenile spectacle, somewhat similar to *Cinderella* of last season, and entitled *Little Red Riding Hood*; or, *the Good Fairy and the Naughty Wolf*, supported by Little Sandy and a host of clever children; all the incidents in the nursery tale are amusingly represented, and a grand stag hunt is introduced, with real stag hounds—the whole terminating with a novel scene of The Fairies' Garden Party and Fête Champêtre, in which are introduced all the characters of nursery rhymes, and miniature impersonations of chivalrous heroes and celebrities, all of whom join in the stately "Roger de Coverley" previous to a grand pageantry finale of the *entrée* of Britannia on a splendid car attended by the fairies.

On Saturday (boxing-day), morning performances of the pantomimes were given at the Princess's, Adelphi, Globe, Holborn Amphitheatre, Standard, Marylebone, Pavilion, Britannia, and New Albion. The first of a series of morning performances of *Our American Cousin*, with Mr. Sothorn as 'Lord Dundreary,' took place at the Haymarket, and at the usual Gaiety *matinée* a combined pantomime and miscellaneous entertainment, appropriate to the occasion was given, comprising the comic portion from the Holborn Amphitheatre *Cinderella*. The Fantee eccentrics, and an American pantomime condensed, entitled *The Black Imp*, in which a Mr. Bartholomew, an American actor, produced much amusement by his quaint eccentricity and irresistible drollery.

On boxing-night, the traditionally orthodox evening for the inauguration of Yuletide entertainments were produced; *Aladdin* and *the Wonderful Lamp* at Drury, in which the clever quintet, the Vokes family, made their first reappearance since their return from America, in the principal characters. Miss Victoria Vokes as 'Aladdin,' Miss Rosina Vokes as the 'Princess Badroulboudour,' Miss Jessie Vokes as the 'Genius of the Lamp,' Mr. Frederick Vokes as the 'Magician,' and Mr. Fawdon Vokes as the 'Slave'; the equally clever and piquant Miss Harriet Coveney, lending valuable aid as the 'mother of Aladdin,' and Miss Burville, again displaying her really beautiful voice and her expressive style of singing, as the 'Genius of the Ring.' The pantomime is magnificently put upon the stage—the principal scenes, "The Garden of Jewels," and the brilliant transformation; the picturesque ballet of gems, and the crowds of well-trained and fancifully attired children in their varied and elaborately arranged evolutions, fully maintain the prestige for which old Drury has long enjoyed for these specialities, and the harlequinade is as usual supported by a double company of pantomimists. *The Babes in the Wood*; or, *Harlequin and the Big Bed of Ware* at Covent Garden, in which music forms a leading attraction, and is agreeably rendered by Miss Annie Goodall, Miss Catherine Lewis, late of the Criterion, Rebecca Isaacs, Mr. Wilford Morgan, and other competent vocalists, and in which the prominent features will be found a grand Christmas mask and gorgeous procession, an allegory of the seasons, by four troops of children, characteristically attired and representing Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter; brilliant ballets, the haunted chamber, and the transformation scene of marvellous beauty and splendour. *Sinbad the Sailor*; or, *Harlequin the Old Man of the Sea*, the *Roc*, and the *Lilliputians of the Island of Opera Bouffe*, at Holborn, in which Miss Maggie Brennan sustains the part of the adventuring hero with unflinching spirit and vivacity. An equestrian spectacle and pantomime entitled *Aladdin* and *the Wonderful Lamp*; or, *Harlequin and the Forty Thieves*, and the *Flying Horse of Lambeth*, at Sanger's Royal Amphitheatre (late Astley's), in the principal scene of which, a gorgeous bridal procession takes place, comprising nearly 700 persons, all splendidly attired, eleven elephants, numerous camels, dromedaries, and trained oxen, and upwards of fifty horses and ponies richly caparisoned; *Valentine and Orson* at the Alexandra; and at the Alhambra, *Le Roi Carotte* gave place to a grand *Opéra-bouffe Féerie*, especially composed by Offenbach with a libretto written by Mr. H. B. Farnie, for this theatre, under the title of *Whittington*, and which is resplendent in scenery, spectacular effects, and charming ballets led by the accomplished *danseuses*, Mdles. Pitteri, Pertioldi, and Sidonie. Miss Kate Santley has returned, and fills the title rôle; Miss Julia Matthews, specially engaged, sustains the part of 'Alice'; Miss Lennox Grey sings charmingly as usual in the character of 'Dorothy'; Miss G. Armytage as the 'Princess Hirvais'; and the other principal characters are adequately supported by Messrs. J. Rouse, H. Paulton, W. Worboys, W. H. Terrott, &c.

Morning performances of the pantomime at Drury Lane were given on Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday; and at Covent Garden on Monday and Wednesday, and will be repeated at both theatres to-day. These day performances will continue to be given on the same days until further notice. Similar performances were given daily at the Standard, and at the Marylebone on Monday. For the convenience of juveniles, the pantomimes were represented first on the evenings of Wednesday and last night both at the Princess's and Adelphi, and these juvenile nights will be continued at both these theatres on every Wednesday and Friday in this month.

The other theatres continue their previous programmes unaltered. *Our American Cousin*, with Mr. Sothorn as 'Dundreary,' and Planche's vaudeville *The Loan of a Loer*, with Miss Minnie Walton as 'Gertrude,' at the Haymarket; *Hamlet* at the Lyceum; *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the Gaiety; *The Two Orphans*, which will reach its 95th repetition to-night, at the Olympic; *The Two Roses*, and *Romulus and Remus* at the Vaudeville; *Old Sailors*, for the 68th time, and *Loe* for the 84th time at the Strand; Mr. Gilbert's dramatic contrast, *Sweethearts*, and *Society* at the Prince of Wales's; Byron's *War to the Knife* and *Ixion Revue* at the Opera Comique; *Peacock's Holiday* and *Brighton*, the latter for the 119th time, at the Court; *Les Pres St.-Gervais* at the Criterion; and *Giroflé-Girofla*, to which has been added during

the week a French pantomime, supported by Parisian pantomimists, the Dorsts, was represented for the last time last night at the Philharmonic; and this evening *La Fille de Madame Angot* will be revived, with Mdle. Morensi, prima-donna contralto, from La Scala, Milan, and Imperial Theatre, St. Petersburg, who will make her first appearance as 'Mdle. Lange.'

At the Gaiety *matinée* to-day, Lord Lytton's comedy, *Money*, will be represented, supported in the principal characters by Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Righton, Arthur Cecil, Taylor, Belford, Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Furtado, Mrs. Leigh, &c. At the Haymarket the second of the series of day representations of *Our American Cousin* will take place; and day performances of the pantomimes will be given at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and Standard, of *Blue Beard* at the Globe, and of *Little Red Riding Hood* at Hengler's Grand Cirque.

### THE GLOBE THEATRE.

#### BLUE BEARD.

THIS theatre opened on Christmas Eve with *Blue Beard*, which, after a most successful run at the Charing Cross Theatre, has now formed a new home at Mr. Fairlie's little house in Newcastle-street. The piece, although re-written in parts, and introducing here and there fresh comic situations, is practically the same as it was originally, and we are treated to all the old mirth-provoking songs and dances. Mr. Brough is as absurdly comic as ever in the rôle of 'Blue Beard,' and Miss Lydia Thompson, if possible, more charming than ever in her new and gorgeous dress as 'Selim'—"so *Selim* and *selender*." Miss Rachel Sanger has been specially retained for the part of 'Fatima,' to which she does full justice; and Miss Topsy Venn makes a capital 'Hassan,' while Mr. Willie Edouin nightly brings down the house with his eccentricities, first as 'Corporal Zoug-Zoug,' and next as the heathenest of all 'Heathen Chinoes.' At the close of the play, the curtain falls on the Realm of 'King Bluebeard,' and rises again in a street leading out of one of the principal thoroughfares of the Metropolis. Here we have the customary harlequinade, enhanced, however, by the inimitable acting of Mr. Lionel Brough as 'The Policeman,' Mr. George Barrett as 'Pantaloon,' Mr. Edouin as 'Clown,' and Mr. George Beckett as 'Harlequin,' while Miss Lydia Thompson herself undertakes the rôle of 'Columbine,' and flits about the stage with the most graceful and *ravissante* air in the world. This is unquestionably the best harlequinade of the season. We must not forget to mention the two *tableaux vivants* which are introduced in the course of the performance. One of *Una*, and the other an exact reproduction of Miss Thompson's celebrated picture of the *Roll Call*—the latter elicited thunders of applause, amid which the curtain finally fell to the strains of the National Anthem.

### THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

#### BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

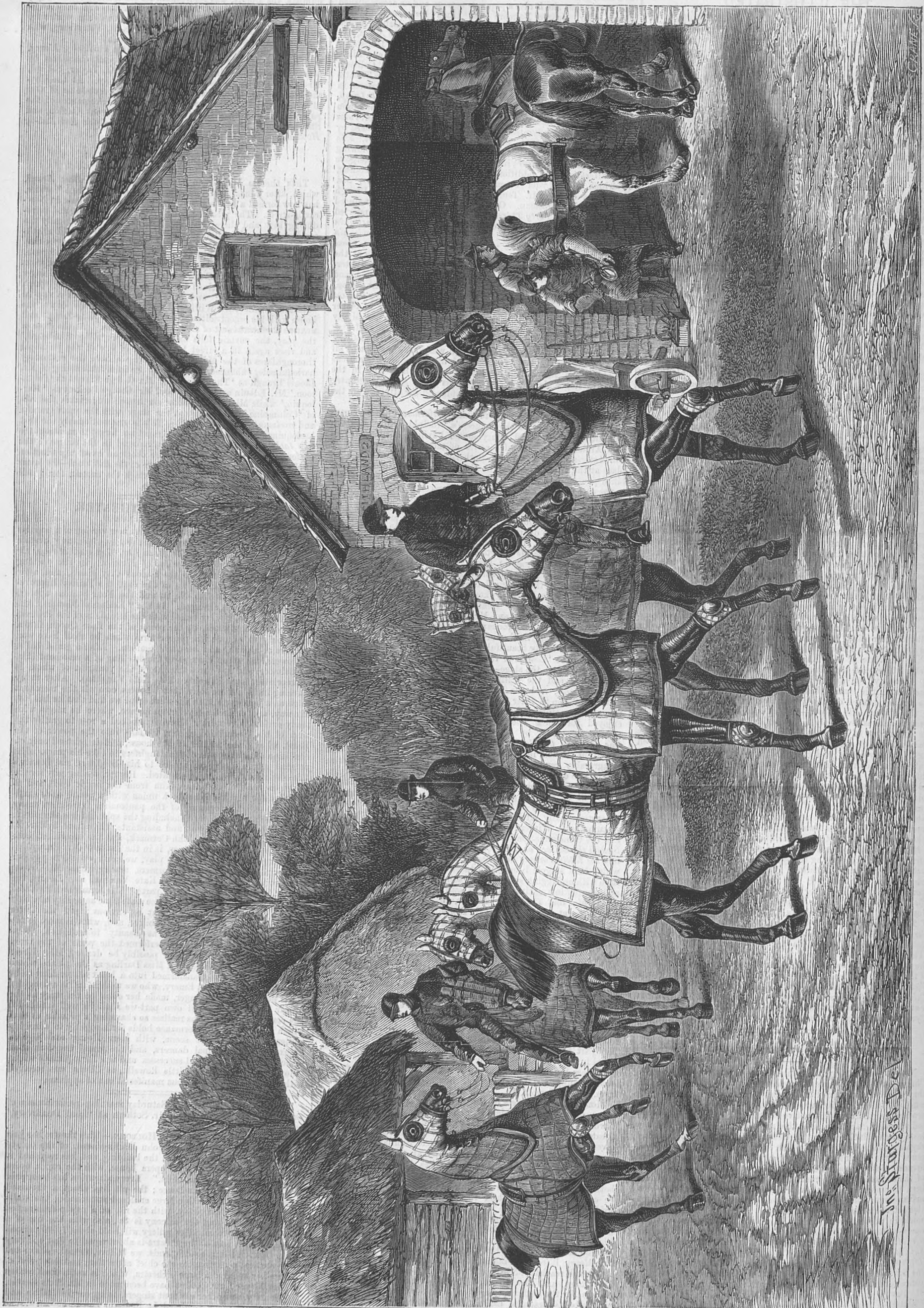
THE pantomime here was an entirely new version of a popular fairy tale, constructed principally with the view of pleasing juvenile tastes, called *Beauty and the Beast*; or, *Gog and Magog*, the *Butterfly Prince*, and the *Realms of Flowers*. In the opening scene we are introduced to the famous City giants, and, after various allusions to the topics of the day, the Fairies Improve, New Year, Twelfth Night, and the Four Seasons appear, and a pantomime is arranged. In the "Realms of Flowers," the Butterfly Prince, having trifled with the affections of the Princess Rosebud, is transformed, by the power of the Rose Queen, into a beast, only to resume his proper form when he shall have won the love of a young and beautiful maiden. After a grand ballet of flowers, the scene changes to the dwelling of a merchant (Mr. G. Belmore) and his three daughters, the youngest of whom is appropriately named Beauty (Miss Kate Vaughan). After many amusing incidents, we learn that business compels the merchant to go on a journey, and in the next scene we find that he has lost his way, and entered a mysterious palace, where he meets with many curious adventures. Having plucked a rose to gratify the wish of his favourite daughter, he falls into the power of the Beast, who is the master of the house, and is released only on condition of sending one of his daughters to take his place. His magical return home, his appeal to his daughters, and Beauty's filial devotion, are then represented. Beauty, feeling pity for the Beast, is enabled to release him from the magic spell, and is rewarded for her kindness by a union with a young and handsome prince. The opening of the pantomime introduces many novel effects. The scenery, including the splendid transformation scene, is by Mr. F. Lloyds and assistants, the music by Mr. E. Ellis, the ballets by Mr. John Cornack, and the superintendence of the whole, as stage manager, is in the hands of Mr. Emery.

Having said so much for the play, we must proceed to pay our acknowledgements to the performers, among whom Mr. George Belmore as 'Okriki,' and Miss Kate Vaughan as 'Zemira, the Beauty,' sustained the principal parts. The former was as usual comic to a degree, displaying at the same time an agility of which many a professional clown might be envious; and the latter danced and sung with her usual ability, and what is more to the purpose, perhaps, looked her part as 'Beauty' to perfection. Miss Russell and Miss Macdonald performed the parts of the cruel selfish sisters as well as could possibly be desired, Miss Lizzie Russell looked charming, and Miss Darling as the prince whose hard fate it was to be transformed into a beast left nothing to be desired. Miss Winifred Emery, who we understand is a daughter of the popular stage manager, made her *début* on the stage as the 'Year 1875,' and for our own part we shall be well satisfied if the coming twelvemonth realises so charming a promise as that which Miss Emery's performance holds forth nightly to admiring audiences. The ballet scene, with Herr Holzer and Signora Spinza as the principal dancers, and the grand transformation scene were both wonderful successes and the harlequinade which followed with the Great Little Rowella, as Clown, was received with the customary boisterous manifestations of applause.

THE second of a series of Saturday morning performances of *Our American Cousin*, with Mr. Sothorn as 'Lord Dundreary,' will take place this afternoon.

THE ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN.—This theatre has just passed into the hands of Mr. John Hollingshead, of the Gaiety Theatre, who has reconstructed the building and has reopened it as a cheap drama, ballet, and opera house, with the comic opera and pantomime of "Cinderella." Every attention has been paid to the comfort of the audience; the pit has about a thousand separate seats at 1s., with a large enclosed promenade; the stalls are 3s. and 5s. respectively, with the use of a newly-constructed smoking saloon; and the balcony is 3s., also with the use of a special smoking-room. The gallery will hold about 1,000 persons at 6d., and the area of the theatre is about equal to that of Drury Lane. Mr. Hollingshead intends, we believe, to make cheap and good musical performances the chief attraction, and as a proof of this he has engaged a large orchestra, which is under the direction of Herr Meyer Lutz. Offers have been made to Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and other eminent singers, to appear in Italian and French comic opera rendered in English, and in the meantime the opening work, represented by well-known singers and actors, a large chorus, and a triple troupe of pantomimists, contains some of Rossini's best comic music.





IN THE REIGN OF KING FROST.

J. H. Stanger Del.



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## Foreign Correspondence.

PARIS, December 30, 1874.

THERE is but little to chronicle this week in reference to *la chasse*, for the snow has been lying on the ground during the last six or seven days, and all hunting and shooting operations have been suspended—"la chasse en temps de neige" being formally interdicted by law. The newspapers continue calling attention to various wolf *battues* in the eastern and south-eastern departments, where these animals appear to be unusually numerous this year, and the judicial periodicals teem with accounts of ardent provincial sportsmen who, scorning the prohibitions of the law, have been indulging in their favourite pastime—falling into the hands of the *gendarmes*, and being fined for the offence. A letter from Moze, in the Maine-et-Loire, apprizes me that a few days ago a diver (*Colymbus septentrionalis*) was shot in the vicinity of the river—a rather curious circumstance, for this bird is an inhabitant of the Polar seas, and is rarely met with in our latitudes. The fact may be accounted for by the very severe weather we are having.

A medical gentleman who was equally well known in the French and English sporting world—Dr. Gaudin—died the other day at his residence in Paris. The deceased was the medical officer of the Société d'Encouragement, and was always a prominent figure on the Longchamps racecourse.

The administrative committee of the Société Hippique Française has decided to hold three shows during the coming year. The first will take place at Bordeaux, between February 2 and 10. Sixty prizes will be distributed, representing a sum of £828. The second, reserved exclusively for draught horses, will be held at Nantes from March 8 to 15. In this instance 57 prizes will be given, of an estimated value of more than £1000. Finally the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées will throw open its doors from April 1 to 18, on the occasion of the Society's ninth Concours Central. There will be 112 prizes, valued at more than £1600.

The celebrated piscicultural establishment of Haningue of course passed into Prussian hands after the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. The French journals publish, however, the report of the directors for 1873-74. During these two years, there were hatched at the establishment 7,883,000 fishes' eggs, 38 per cent. of which were lost or destroyed during the incubation or at the time of their removal; while 42 per cent. have been exported, the remainder being preserved at the establishment. Germany took 2,359,000 spawn, Holland, 600,000; France, 180,000; Switzerland, 100,000; Luxemburg, 90,000; Austria, 60,000; Brazil, 35,000; and Italy, 30,000. The Rhine, the Ill and the Moselle, have been peopled with 500,000 young salmon and salmon trout, and the lakes of Pomerania, Silesia, and Brandenburg have been provided with different varieties of fish. The Granville oyster parks are, I hear, being peopled with Portuguese oysters. The other day the steamship *Isabelle* arrived there laden with nearly three million oysters from Neco on the Tagus.

According to a report issued by the Administration des Haras there are to-day in France 300,000 horses employed for agricultural purposes. The departments employing the largest number are the following:—Finistère, 111,400; Côtes-du-Nord, 98,000; Manche, 93,000; Pas de Calais, Aisne, and Seine Inférieure, 86,000 each; Nord, 82,000; Ile-et-Velaine, and Somme, 77,000 each; Orne, 65,000; Calvados, 62,000; and Sarthe, 60,000. The smallest number is found in Savrie, where there are only 2000 horses used for farm labour.

The dates of next year's yachting matches have already been fixed. Those of Cannes take place on March 4; those of Dinord, July 25 and 26; Caneale, August 1; Lorient, also, August 1; St. Malo, August 29; and Paimpol, August 29 and 30. Paris, where the winter season is now at its full height, is anxiously awaiting the inauguration of that gorgeous and costly edifice, the New Opera, which promises to outshine in splendour every theatre in the world, including even the admirably organised houses of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin. MM. Charles Garnier and Halanzier are now putting the finishing touches to the new Parisian Temple of Music, and Vicomte de Cumont, the Minister of Fine Arts, has decided that the opening ceremony shall take place on January 6. Selections from *La Juive*, *Hamlet*, and *Faust* figure on the programme, and luckily for the interest of the evening, the leading feminine parts will be interpreted by one to whom the title of prima-donna cannot be disputed. During the past few years we have so often had to content ourselves with second rank *divas* that it is a great piece of good fortune for Paris that Madame Nilsson should have eventually consented to grace this auspicious occasion with her presence. I was unfortunately compelled last week to leave the story of her *malentendu* with M. Halanzier unfinished. The latter was quite despairing of obtaining the Swedish prima-donna for his inaugural ceremony, when energetic and wideawake M. Henri de Villemessant, the editor of the *Figaro*, came to the rescue. He telegraphed himself to Madame Nilsson, expatiating on the fact that it would be his fault that Paris would not hear her at the opening of the opera, and supplicating her to reverse her decision. To everybody's stupefaction, and to his own as well, the capricious prima-donna yielded to his request, and announced that she should be in Paris on Dec. 28. This of course placed M. Halanzier in a very false position. A journalist having no connection whatever with the opera had succeeded at once in securing what he, in his directorial capacity, had most signally failed to obtain. Unpleasant as the pill was, however, the luckless *impressario* swallowed it with pretty good grace, and wrote a letter of thanks to de Villemessant, hoping that an occasion might present itself when he should be able to prove his gratitude to him. The enterprising editor of the *Figaro* lost no time in answering the missive. "The occasion offers itself now," he said. "Give me your house, all lighted up, for a few hours, that I may display it to my *abonnés*, and we shall be quits." M. Halanzier acceded to this request, and promised to carry it into effect after M. Garnier had given him up the keys of the government. It is needless to go into all the details of the controversy which followed. Suffice it to say, that Legitimist, Bonapartist, Thiersist, and Communist organs alike, enraged at *Figaro's* good luck, at once commenced a most violent campaign against Halanzier and de Villemessant, protesting against the "conversion of the grandest monument in France into a bureau d'abonnement." Matters at length reached such a climax, that M. de Cumont, Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, had to interfere. He sent for M. Halanzier, and told him that the Government could not possibly allow him to carry his arrangement with M. de Villemessant into effect. The luckless manager consequently had to withdraw his promise, and the editor of the *Figaro* found himself under the painful necessity of informing his "chers lecteurs" that the little *fête*, upon which they had been counting, would, after all, not come off. It must be said, to M. de Villemessant's honour, that the £200 which in the first flush of triumph he promised to the *casse des artistes dramatiques*, have been paid just as if M. Halanzier's promise had not been withdrawn. The latter's misadventures do not appear to have yet come to a close. The papers continue to abuse him in the most virulent manner; one journal, the *Evénement*, asserts that he has made £32,000 net profits during his management, and another, the *Rappel*, remarks that when he came to Paris in 1871

he was meagre and sallow-cheeked and that to-day he is sleek and corpulent.

The other evening M. Charles Garnier had the new Opera lighted up, and invited for the occasion a number of deputies and celebrities of the fashionable world. The trial was not on the whole a satisfactory one. The central chandelier was discovered not to be sufficiently large for the proportions of the house, which presented a most gloomy appearance. Of course additional light will be reflected from the stage, but still the illuminations are most inadequate, and extensive alterations will have to be made. It is stated by some that M. Halanzier—who has recently given such signal proofs of weakness and incapacity—will in all probability have to resign his directorial functions after the inauguration, M. Marc Fournier who is well-known in the Paris theatrical world, being spoken of as his successor. In reference to the inaugural ceremony it may be mentioned that it will be quite a State affair, the house having been requisitioned by the Government for the occasion. It is reported that our seven hundred and thirty-odd sovereigns will assemble *en masse* on the auspicious evening.

We have recently had a couple of gala nights at the Comédie Française—the first on the occasion of the 235th anniversary of the birth of Racine, the second on that of the revival of Emile Angier's comedy *Philberte*. The birthday of the great French tragedian was celebrated by the performance of *Phèdre*, in which Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt played the leading rôle, in past times so admirably interpreted by Mdlle. Rachel. The task was a difficult one, for Mdlle. Bernhardt is not endowed with the *physique* of the part; and it must be remembered that if she did not render the final scenes in all their brute force, it was not that she was wanting in will, but in strength. On the other hand her performance in the first three acts was above eulogium, and her great predecessor could not have recited with more tenderness and feeling the celebrated declaration of love. M. Angier's comedy *Philberte* appears to have been expressly revived for Mdlle. Broizat, whose *début* in the *Demi-Monde*—now at its thirtieth representation—had revealed to be an artist of more than ordinary merit. As 'Philberte,' I may add, she has more than satisfied public expectations, and well may the famous line with which the second act opens be applied to her:—

"Elle est charmante! elle est charmante! elle est charmante!"

There is something so graceful, chaste, and natural in her acting, that I can perfectly well understand her superseding *La Croizette*, of *Sphinx* celebrity. Angier's *Philberte* is a damsel in the position of Balzac's 'Modeste Mignon,' persecuted by ten adorers, only one of whom is sincere, but her adventures are not the same. *Philberte* has been brought up in the belief that she is very ugly, at least her mother, who does not entertain much affection for her, has always treated her as an awkward, graceless child. On the other hand, her parents are immensely wealthy, and she will have a very large marriage portion. She is secretly in love with Raymond de Taulignan, but when he proposes to her, she is so convinced of her own ugliness, and of the cupidity of the sterner sex, that she tells him to his face that he has only come for her *dot*. A subsequent adventure with Chevalier de Talmay reveals to her, however, that she is the reverse of plain, the souvenir of Raymond's protestations returns, and it is with tumultuous joy that she reflects that after all he was probably speaking sincerely when he told her that he loved her for herself. There is much grace in this somewhat *naïve*, but still pleasing work, which has not been performed since 1853, when it appeared at the Gymnase; M. Angier's versification is not, however, always of the highest order.

Few Parisian theatres have been more unfortunate of late than the Théâtre du Vaudeville, which, owing to the utter failure of the one or two novelties it has ventured upon producing, has been condemned during the past year to live almost exclusively on its old *répertoire*. Quite recently M. Harmant, the lessee, revived Victorien Sardou's *Oncle Sam*, and with the view of rendering it more attractive the Hungarian musicians, now perambulating through the Continent, were introduced into one of the scenes, and favoured the audience with the *Czardas* and the *Rakocsy March*. The experiment was far from successful, however, and the critics did not spare M. Sardou for endeavouring to obtain a temporary popularity for his very indifferent comedy by intercalating in it the concert in question. On Jan. 1 the Vaudeville will pass into other hands, the new managers being MM. Roger Sobé, ex-director of the little Théâtre de Cluny, and Raymond Deslandes, a third-rate dramatic author. I doubt, however, whether these gentlemen will be more successful than M. Harmant. The other evening, for a wonder, was a gala night at the Vaudeville—the performance being for the benefit of some of the artists of the theatre. The programme comprised three *premières*, followed by *La Donairière de Brionne*, in which Mdlle. Déjazet played the leading part. The three novelties were all one-act comedies, the first performed, entitled *L'Orage*, being due to the pen of M. Adrien Marx, who acquired a considerable reputation under the Empire by his witty and amusing book, "Les Indiscretions Parisiennes." His trifle was, perhaps, the best of the three, for neither of the others—*Une chance de Coquin* and *Une fille d'Eve*—showed any particular signs of originality. Madame Déjazet frequently elicited applause, however, in the rôle of the Comtesse Sébastien in the *Donairière de Brionne*.

*La Haine*—Victorien Sardou's tragedy has been withdrawn from the Gaité. It seems that this wonderful work, which will rank hereafter as Sardou's *chef d'œuvre*, did not pay its expenses. The latter were certainly very heavy. The only pieces that suit the present depraved taste are the operettas of Offenbach and Lecocq. *La Fille de Madame Angot* has been revived at the Folies Dramatiques—this time with Mdlle. Vaughell in the part of 'Clairette.' She is said to be the best 'Clairette' that has been seen in the rôle since Paolo Marié gave up acting it. Last week *Giroflé-Girofla* made its appearance at Nantes, Limoges, Bordeaux, Lyons, and Rouen, everywhere obtaining a tremendous success. Madame *L'Archiduc*, Offenbach's latest opéra-comique, is going the round of Europe. It is already being played at Bordeaux, Toulouse, and Lyons; and it is announced at Marseilles, Limoges, Nice, Amiens, Brussels, Berlin, Naples, Grätz, Turin, Rome, Pesth, and Vienna. At this latter city the orchestra will be conducted by the maestro in person.

Grenier, the popular *comique* of the Variétés, has been very ill this week, and at one time his physicians despaired of saving him. He has succeeded, however, thanks to his vigorous constitution, in passing through the crisis that threatened his life, and, happily for the Parisian public, with whom he is a great favourite, is now quite out of danger.

MM. Serandin and Jules Noriac are finishing a comedy for the Palais Royal. It will be put on the boards at the close of January—title, *La fille d'Olympe*.

M. Jules Prevel very properly calls attention in the *Figaro* to the question of Auber's burial. The author of *La Muette de Portici* left a large fortune behind him, but his coffin still lies neglected in the crypt of the church of La Trinité. It is certainly scandalous that his heirs should not have taken steps for his proper interment. Shortly after his death a commission was formed with the view of erecting a monument to his memory. I should very much like to know what steps this commission has taken in the matter.

MR. H. M. FEIST.

We this week give a portrait of the late Mr. Henry Mort Feist, who died at his residence at Croydon on December 25, at the early age of 37. Deceased had been unwell for some time past, but his state of health had called no alarm to his immediate friends. No man was better known in the sporting world, and for several years he attended every important event in the kingdom. At the Ringside his face was familiar, as he stood referee for many a well-fought battle, and was much esteemed for the fairness of his decisions. His first contribution to the Press was a description of the road to the Derby, he having walked the whole distance down for that purpose. Under the name of "Hotspur" he for many years contributed to the *Daily Telegraph*, although we believe he was not the first writer under that signature. He was the editor of the *Sporting Life* from its commencement, having written for that journal under the name of "Augur" for nearly eighteen years with the most remarkable success as far as regards prognostications. He was a clever artist, and whenever he appeared on the stage at Croydon for a charitable purpose, there was certain to be a crowded house. In his early career he was apprenticed to Mr. Wm. Meason as an engraver, but at his own request he had his indentures cancelled, and commenced as a sporting writer. No man worked harder for the advancement of sport, and any corruption that came under his notice was certain to be exposed in the most fearless manner. It was he who first conceived the idea of a "Special Commissioner," and selected an exceedingly clever gentleman in Mr. Fred Taylor to fill the post. The deceased was a most generous man, and his purse was always open to the call of the needy and distressed. Many of the turf writers now engaged on the sporting press have to thank Mr. Feist for the positions that they now enjoy, as he took great pleasure in advancing unknown men when he discovered that they exhibited sufficient promise of making successful writers.

Unfortunately, the deceased gentleman made no provision for his wife and young family, and a subscription has been set on foot for the purpose of raising a sum to enable the widow to educate and provide for the children. Admiral Rous, Lord Portsmouth, Sir Richard Bulkeley, Bart., Sir J. D. Astley, Bart., and Edward Levy, Esq., of *The Daily Telegraph*, are patrons of the fund, for which a large sum of money has already been subscribed. Mr. C. H. Ashley, of *The Sportsman*, is Treasurer, and will gladly receive further contributions.

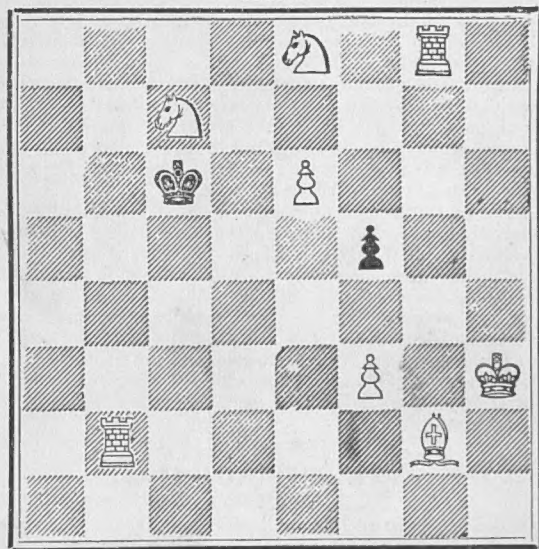
## Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Contributions of original problems and games will receive our best attention. Correct solutions of problems will be duly acknowledged.

## PROBLEM NO. 35.

By Mr. WALTER C. LEARY, New York.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 33.

- |                         |               |
|-------------------------|---------------|
| WHITE.                  | BLACK.        |
| 1. Q to K R 2           | 1. K takes Kt |
| 2. Q to K R 8           | 2. K moves    |
| 3. Q mates accordingly. |               |

Played between Messrs. Lowenthal and Wayte.

## [BISHOP'S GAMBIT.]

- |                  |                 |                    |                     |
|------------------|-----------------|--------------------|---------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. L.)   | BLACK (Mr. W.)  | WHITE (Mr. L.)     | BLACK (Mr. W.)      |
| 1. P to K 4      | 1. P to K 4     | 11. Q to Q B 2 (d) | 11. R takes P       |
| 2. P to K B 4    | 2. P takes P    | 12. K to B sq      | 12. Kt takes P      |
| 3. B to Q B 4    | 3. Kt to K B 3  | 13. Kt to Q R 3    | 13. Kt to K 6 (ch)  |
| 4. Q to K 2 (a)  | 4. B to Q B 4   | 14. B takes Kt     | 14. P takes P       |
| 5. Kt to K B 3   | 5. Kt to Q B 3  | 15. P to K B sq    | 15. R to K B 4 (ch) |
| 6. P to Q B 3    | 6. Castles      | 16. K to K sq      | 16. R to B 7 (e)    |
| 7. P to Q 4      | 7. P to Q 4 (b) | 17. Q to B sq      | 17. Q to Q 7 (ch)   |
| 8. P takes P (c) | 8. R to K sq    | 18. Q takes Q      | 18. P takes Q       |
| 9. Kt to K 5     | 9. Kt takes Kt  |                    | Mate.               |
| 10. P takes Kt   | 10. B to K K 4  |                    |                     |

NOTES.

- (a) The usual move at this point is 4 Q Kt to B 3, but the move in the text is equally good.  
 (b) Very well played.  
 (c) A fatal move, from the effects of which White never recovers.  
 (d) If he play 11 Q to Q 3 the Queen is lost.  
 (e) Leading to a pretty finish.

Played in the tournament now pending at the Café International, New York, between Messrs. Alberoni and Mason.

## [GIUOCO PIANO.]

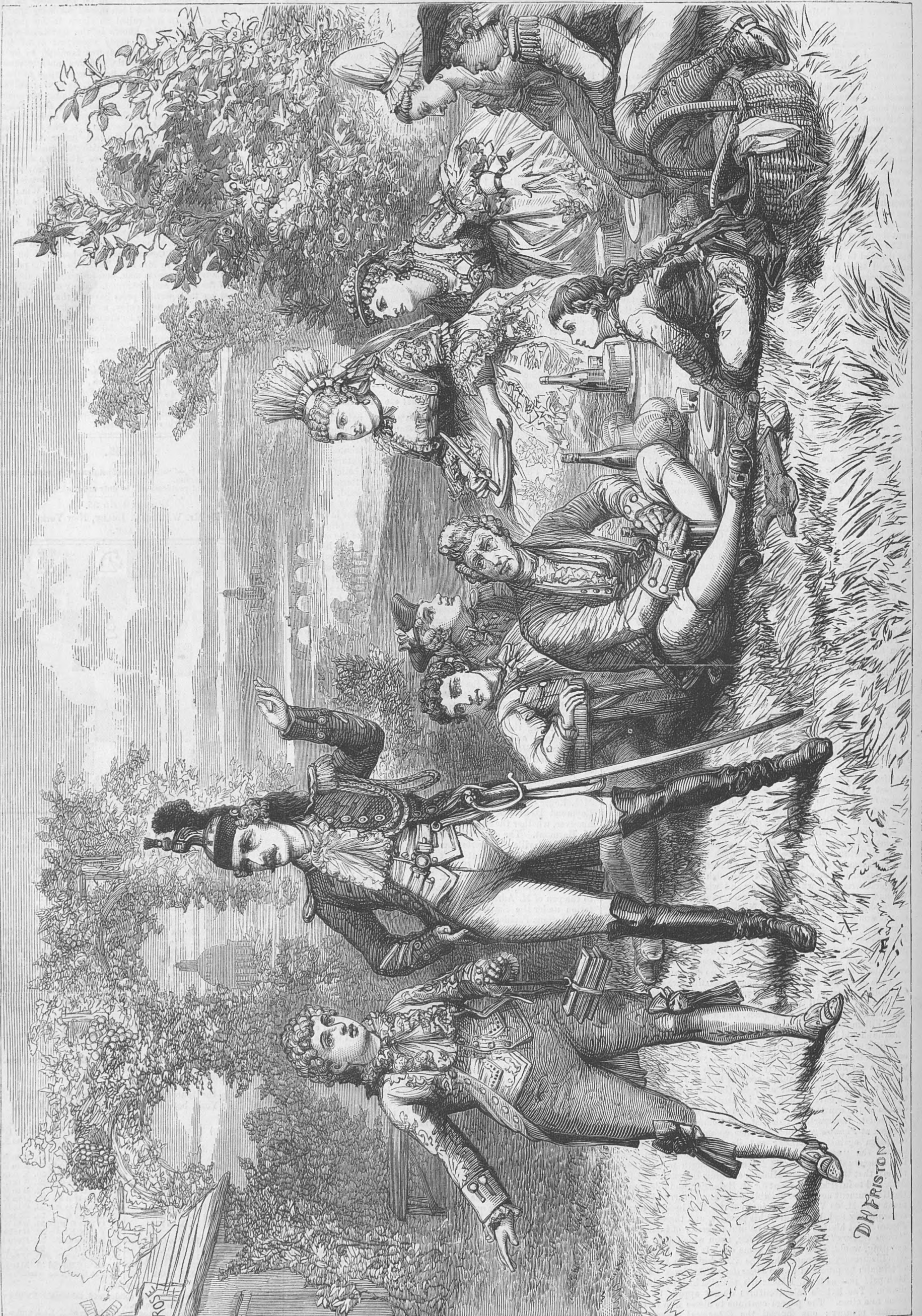
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|----------------------|---------------------|---------------------------|--------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. A.)       | BLACK (Mr. M.)      | WHITE (Mr. A.)            | BLACK (Mr. M.)     |
| 1. P to K 4          | 1. P to K 4         | 17. Kt to K Kt 5          | 17. K to K 2 (b)   |
| 2. Kt to K B 3       | 2. Kt to Q B 3      |                           | (ch)               |
| 3. B to Q B 4        | 3. B to Q B 4       | 18. Q to Q R 3 (ch)       | 18. K to B 3       |
| 4. P to Q B 3        | 4. Kt to K B 3      | 19. Q to Q Kt 2 (ch)      | 19. K to Kt 3      |
| 5. P to Q 4          | 5. P takes P        | 20. Kt to K B 3           | 20. K R to K sq    |
| 6. P takes P         | 6. B to Q Kt 5 (ch) | 21. Kt to K 5 (ch)        | 21. R takes Kt (c) |
| 7. B to Q 2          | 7. Kt takes K P     | 22. R takes R             | 22. R to K B sq    |
| 8. B takes B         | 8. Kt takes B       | 23. Kt to Q B 3           | 23. R to K sq (d)  |
| 9. Btks. B P (ch)    | 9. K takes B        | 24. Q takes Q P           | 24. Q to Q 3       |
| 10. Q to Q Kt 3 (ch) | 10. P to Q 4        | 25. Q takes Q             | 25. Kt takes Q     |
| 11. Kt to Kt 5 (ch)  | 11. K to K 3        | 26. Q R to Q sq           | 26. B to K B 4     |
|                      | (a)                 | 27. P to K Kt 4           | 27. B takes Kt P   |
| 12. Q takes Kt       | 12. P to Q B 4      | 28. R takes Q P           | 28. Kt to K B 4    |
| 13. Q to Q R 4       | 13. Q to Q Kt 3     | 29. Kt to Q 5             | 29. Kt to R 5      |
| 14. P to Q Kt 3      | 14. P takes Q P     | 30. R to K Kt 3           | 30. K to R 4       |
| 15. Kt to K B 3      | 15. P to Q 6        | 31. Kt to K B 4 (ch)      | 31. K to Kt 4      |
| 16. Castles          | 16. B to Q 2        | 32. P to K B 3, and wins. |                    |

NOTES.

- (a) This check is now generally condemned, taking the Knight with the Queen being considered preferable.  
 (b) If Knight takes Knight the Queen checks at K Kt 4, and wins back the piece.  
 (c) Well played. Properly followed up this ought to have won the game.  
 (d) He might have won at once by playing 23 R to K B 4.

E. A. V.





SCENE FROM "LES PRÉS SAINT-GERVAIS," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.



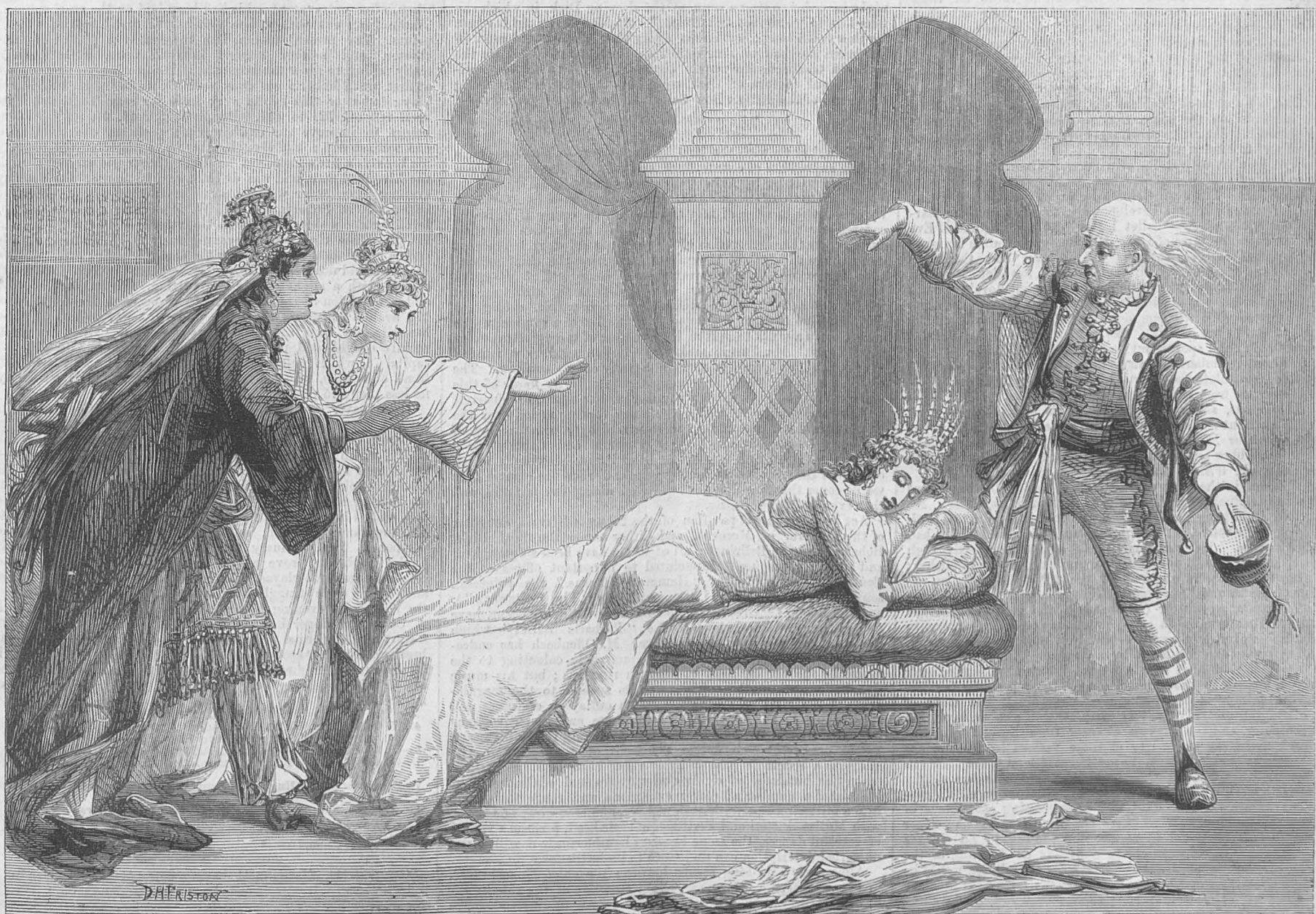
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SCENE FROM "CINDERELLA," AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



SCENE FROM "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST," AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.



## Music.

MUSIC intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

## "WHITTINGTON" AT THE ALHAMBRA.

OPÉRA-BOUFFE has enjoyed but a brief popularity in England; and, to judge from recent indications, its days are numbered, so far as concerns its chance of becoming a permanent source of attraction in this country. Barely seven years have elapsed since it was first imported here from France. Like the grocer's apprentice with the plums, the British public at first displayed a ravenous appetite for the new enjoyment; but, before its first term of apprenticeship is over, it has become thoroughly cloyed with the exotic, and exhibits a return of healthy appetite for wholesome fare.

Opéra-bouffe has been invested with a reflected lustre, from its supposed identity with the Italian opéra-buffa; which, however, simply means comic opera. As examples of the latter may be cited the *Matrimonio Segreto* of Cimarosa, the *Prova d'un Opera Seria*, by Gnecco, the *Barbiere di Siviglia* of Rossini, the *Elisir d'Amore*, by Donizetti, and a host of similar masterpieces. Auber enriched the French operatic stage with splendid works of the same description; and—literally translating the Italian appellation—he produced, as "Opéras Comiques," his *Diamans de la Couronne*, *Domino Noir*, *Lestocq*, *L'Ambassadrice*, and a host of equally charming compositions. Applying the phrase "comic opera" to works like these, whether Italian, French, or German (Weber's *Abon Hassan* being borne in mind), and taking "opéra-bouffe" to mean such works as English adapters have within the last seven years selected from the compositions of Offenbach, Hervé, Serpette, &c., one essential difference forces itself into observation. For the effective rendering of comic opera, it is above all things necessary that its interpreters should have good voices, and know how to use them. For the effective rendering of opéra-bouffe, it is above all things necessary that its interpreters should have good legs, and know how to show them. Comic opera relies, for its success, on the ingenuity of its plot, the drollery of its incidents, the beauty of its melodies, and the opportunities it affords to first rate artists for the display of refined and finished vocalisation. Opéra-bouffe builds its success on plots and situations openly or suggestively indecent, on *can-can* dances and buffoonery, and on the opportunities it affords to women, who have no shadow of claim to rank among artists, for the display of shameless immodesty in costume and gesture. However degrading may be the admission, it cannot be concealed that it is the last-named characteristic which has been the chief source of its popularity. There will always be found, in highly civilised communities, a certain number of persons ready, and indeed anxious, to witness performances which appeal to the baser animal instincts. Very young men, prematurely *blasés*; old men, who have reached the time described by William Pitt the younger (in his famous reply to Horace Walpole) when "vice appears to prevail, although the passions have subsided," these are the patrons of *poses plastiques* and similar entertainments, and by such as these the English versions of French opéras-bouffes were greedily welcomed. They possibly relished the pretty melodies which were scattered throughout these works; but the melodies were subordinate attractions, and their desiderata were "legs, and plenty of them!" Supple managers, ready to illustrate—for their own pecuniary advantage—the laws of demand and supply, outwitted each other in hastening the degradation of the stage; "quadrille" dancers were imported who substituted for the poetry of motion, lascivious gestures and indecent attitudes; young girls, scarcely in the dawn of womanhood, were induced to throw off their natural modesty; "kept mistresses" quitted their suburban villas to grace the troop of "extra ladies;" notorious prostitutes competed with each other in the display of their venal charms; Lais winked at her *cliente* in the stalls; Phryne had guinea bouquets thrown at her feet; and, at length, so openly scandalous became the relations between this class of "actresses" (!) and the public, so shamefully evident the *raison d'être* of the half-naked creatures on the stage, that no decent English matron could permit her daughters to witness spectacles so degrading to their sex and to human nature.

The evil brought with it its own cure. When the extremest practicable limits of immodesty had been reached, satiety was soon manifested. The unwholesome desires of the prurient would finally have led, by logical developments, to the public appearance of the opéra-bouffe "ballet ladies" in the costume of Eve before she knew the taste of an apple; but, when public indignation prevented further outrages on decency, and the press denounced the growing evil, further concession to vicious appetites became impossible or too dangerous; no piquant novelty in the shape of indecency was attainable, and opéra-bouffe presented no further attraction for the languid exquisite in the stalls, or the music-hall cad in the gallery. The recent decision in favour of a journal which had spoken out manfully on the subject, coupled with the Lord Chamberlain's startling announcement that he does not intend to regulate the length of ballet skirts, yet will withdraw the license from any theatre where immodesty of intention is made obvious, shook opéra-bouffe to its base; but its most powerful assailant has arisen in an unexpected quarter, and it has been reserved for M. Offenbach to administer to opéra-bouffe a truly "heavy blow and great discouragement" by the production of his last work, *Whittington*, at the Alhambra Theatre.

*Whittington* is the first opéra-bouffe of which the music has been set to original English words by a French composer. No fitter man could have been selected for the task than the High Priest of opéra-bouffe, M. Offenbach; and none could have had a fairer chance. He was guaranteed almost fabulously high terms (it is said £1,000 per act) by an eminent English publisher; competent artists were engaged for the principal parts; an excellent orchestra and a satisfactory chorus were secured, with the aid of a capital conductor (M. Jacobi); the reputation of the Alhambra Theatre made it certain that the most lavish liberality would be displayed in every department of the *mise en scène*; and the libretto was furnished by an author (Mr. H. B. Farnie) who has gained a high reputation as a lyric writer, and adapter of foreign operas to the English stage, and is perfectly familiar with the principles of dramatic construction. The story of "Whittington and his Cat" is calculated to awaken invention in a composer, and the changes of scene from Europe to Africa and back again, are suggestive of those various local colourings which help to give a charm to music. With all these points in his favour, what has M. Offenbach achieved? He has simply produced a work which, from a musical point of view, is a conspicuous failure,—a flat, stale, and uninteresting assemblage of vapid commonplaces. Were there one original melody in either of the three acts, equal to the "Sabre Song" in *La Grande Duchesse*, the "Balcony Duet" in *Genevieve de Brabant*, or the "Serenade" in *Le Pont des Soupirs*, some consolation would be at hand; but *Whittington* is a dreary waste, uncheered by a ray of inspiration. If it should have a lengthened run, (and we sincerely hope that it may, because of the enormous cost of its

production), it will not be because of the music, but in spite of it; and its success will be attributable to other causes, to which we shall presently refer. It would be much pleasanter to praise than to blame, particularly in this instance,—where a good example has been set, and a foreign composer, instead of being pillaged, has been munificently paid for an original work. Sentimental considerations, however, must not obstruct the utterance of plain truths, if criticism would make itself respected; and we cannot help it, if we are compelled to deplore a failure where we had anticipated a success.

*Whittington* is in three acts, preceded by a short orchestral introduction. The action of the first scene in act i. takes place inside the "General Store of Fitzwarren in Chepe," and the first musical number is a "Chorus of Customers." Many of the customers appear to be rich, but the music is very poor. The Mac Pibroch, a suitor for the hand of Alice Fitzwarren, enters with four of his Highlanders, and sings a song which Mr. Farnie has made intensely Scottish. The music has no national character whatever. Next enters the 'Bellringer of Bow' (Church?) impersonated by Mr. Terrott, who does his best for a dismally dull bellringer's song, which will not eclipse 'The Bellringer' of Vincent Wallace. It seems that Dorothy, Fitzwarren's cook-maid, is beloved by the Bellringer; but he has rivals in the Sergeant of the Guard (Mr. H. Paulton) and Captain Bobstay, of the galleon "Z 10" (Mr. Rouse), and between the three swains and Dorothy (Miss Lennox Grey) some comic courting ensues. The O'Shamrock, an Irish chieftain (Miss Hilton), and Fitz-Fulke, an English fop, who both aspire to the hand of Alice, come to make purchases, and Fitzwarren (Mr. C. Heywood) is bitterly incensed at the absence of his truant apprentice, Dick Whittington (Miss Kate Santley), who presently makes his appearance, cudgel in hand, and sings a song ("A Prentice Linen-draper") of the most commonplace kind. Fitzwarren invites the Mac Pibroch to supper, and the board is graced by the presence of Alice (Miss Julia Mathews), Dorothy waits at table, and the *finale* of this scene commences with a poor quartett ("Good English Beer") which is followed by a ridiculous cat's song ("Miaou, Miaou!") sung by Alice, with chorus. It was pitiable to see so good an artist as Miss Julia Mathews, condemned to sing a composition so vulgar and trashy. The imitation of the cat brings on to the scene the cat (Master Abrahams), who appears to be employed as a letter carrier between Dick and Alice; attached to his collar is a letter from Dick, which is discovered by Fitzwarren. At this unlucky moment Dick returns, and enrages Fitzwarren by declaring his love for Alice, who avows that she loves him in return. This occurs in the air and quartett, "I Madly, Fondly Love Her," in which Dick and Alice severally express the same sentiment in the somewhat mysterious couplet,—

"And heart to heart thus ever  
No power shall make us sever."

In this quintett we are treated to a few gleams of melody—not very striking or original, but after what has been previously endured even these small mercies are welcome. The Highlander quarrels with Dick; a fight ensues, in which the Cat takes a prominent part; the neighbours rush in, and the final *ensemble* is sung to the commonplace melody of the opening air in the quintett. The scene changes to "The Halting Place at Highgate," and Mr. Paulton gets what fun he can out of a scene with his comrades of the patrol. The "March of the Patrol" is short but effective. Dick enters, with his faithful Cat, and they go to sleep under the limelight of a phenomenal moon, which confines its rays to the square yard of earth on which Dick and his Cat repose. Enter Alice and Dorothy, who, with very little change of toilette, appear to have indulged in a moonlight stroll as far as Highgate, which, considering the distance, to say nothing of the danger (in those days), taxes our credulity strongly. Dramatists, however, are permitted these flights of fancy, and it soon becomes evident that Alice has been brought five miles from home at midnight in order to sing a song to the sleeping Dick, in which she tells him to "slumber and dream." Miss Mathews did her best for this vapid song; but it was a pity that Alice should come so far unless she had to sing something worth hearing. Here the good old traditions are rudely disturbed. Instead of the well-remembered picture of Dick, seated on the stile, and weaving the sound of the distant Bow Bells into the tempting refrain:—

"Turn again, Whittington,  
Lord Mayor of London."

Dick wakes up with the limelight strong upon him, puts on a beatific expression of countenance, and tells us that in his dream (bespoke to order by Alice) he has heard the bells call him back. We object to this tampering with the ancient tradition, to which we will cleave in spite of fifty librettists. Of course Dick is discovered by the patrol, and marched off to London in their custody, another desecration of the romantic old story. The next scene shows the deck of the galleon, and here the chief personages arrive on various errands. A song ("The Haunted Kickaboo") sung by Bobstay, is derived from the main incident in *Le Festin Terrible*, in which piece a cannibal, eating too gluttonously of stewed European, has swallowed a musical watch which plays a waltz tune (the leading tune of the operetta) every three hours. Mr. Farnie makes his Indian swallow a musical snurbox, which is somewhat hard for any one to swallow. The words are comic, and the music may pass. The *finale* of this act contains the best written number in the opera, the quartett ("Love and Money"), which contains a flowing melody for the two lovers, Dick and Alice, accompanied by a running fire of commercial calculations from Fitzwarren and Captain Bobstay. The sailor's chorus ("The Land Breeze Blowing") which concludes the act, is wretchedly weak, and when the curtain falls we discover that this first act has lasted ninety-five minutes, and that everybody is yawning.

Act ii. opens in the pavilion of the Princess Hirvaia, daughter of the Emperor of Morocco, and hither come Dorothy, Dick, Bobstay, and the Bellringer, all of whom have been shipwrecked, and all are subsequently appointed to important offices at the Court of Morocco. The "Hammock Chorus" the Princess's song ("Woman's Will"), the quintett ("The Castaways"), and the Rondo ("Great at Colonising"), which here occur, have no original merit whatever. The "Barbaric Ballet" which follows is the mainstay of the piece. M. Offenbach has endeavoured to impart some degree of characteristic colouring to the music by the employment of uncouth rhythms; but his music does little for the ballet, which owes its success to the magnificence of the *mise en scène*; the lavish outlay on costumes and appointments; and, above all, to the taste and inventive fancy displayed by Mr. Alfred Thompson in designing the brilliant and varied dresses, which dazzle the sight of the spectator. So gorgeous a spectacle has probably never been seen before; and when the hundreds of richly clad warriors and odalisques have completed a number of clever evolutions, and range themselves into a glittering square, within which a numerous *corps de ballet*, with Mdles. Pitteri and Pertholdi at their head, perform a variety of graceful dances, the scene becomes bewilderingly dazzling, and no verbal description can do justice to its brilliancy.

After some over-long scenes between the chief Moonshi (Mr. Worboys) and the Europeans, the destruction of the rats by the Cat takes place. Dick and his friends return to England, laden with wealth, and accompanied by the Emperor of Morocco (!).

In act iii. Alice and her father are discovered in a state of poverty, singing ballads and selling them "three yards a penny," and Alice makes money by a thimble and pea table (!). Of course all ends happily. On a future occasion we shall probably complete our *résumé* of the music, and may have something to say of the libretto. For the present we have only to congratulate Mr. Alfred Thompson on the happy results of his inventive skill, Mr. Calcott on the excellently painted scenery, Mr. Dewinne on his clever arrangements of the ballet evolutions, M. Jacobi on his able direction of his capital band, Mr. Tresidder on his skilful stage management, and the whole body of artists on the zeal and ability which were manifested throughout the performance. If the management cannot honestly be congratulated on having secured the musical gem they had some reason to expect, they may nevertheless rest assured that the profuse liberality which they have displayed in "mounting" it will meet with its reward. The "Barbaric Ballet," in the second act of *Whittington*, is of itself sufficiently attractive to fill the Alhambra Theatre for many a month to come, presenting as it does a spectacle in which exquisite taste is combined with unparalleled splendour.

Opéra-bouffe is not likely to recover speedily from the blow which it has sustained by the failure of M. Offenbach in his *Whittington*. Nobody expected from him the masterly *ensemble* writing, the contrapuntal knowledge, the richness of orchestration displayed by M. Lecocq in his comic operas *Giroflé-Girofla* and the *Prés St. Gervais*, but something in the shape of an original melody was looked for—and looked for in vain! It may fairly be asked, in conclusion, why should mediocrity be so expensive? We have native mediocrities who would furnish *gratis* quite as good music as this of M. Offenbach's. And in all seriousness let it be remembered that for half the sum which M. Offenbach is said to have received, original operas could have been obtained from Arthur Sullivan, Frederick Clay, Frederick Archer, J. F. Barnett, Alfred Cellier, and F. H. Cowen; with the certainty that any one of them would be worth ten such wearisome inanities as this dismal *Whittington*.

## CHRISTINE NILSSON AT MOSCOW.

OUR Moscow correspondent forwards the following interesting account of Nilsson's farewell performance at the Italian Opera, Moscow, last Saturday week:—

"Madame Nilsson made her last appearance at Moscow this evening. The opera was *Mignon*, and the performance was excellent. Nilsson's 'Mignon' is, I believe, one of her best parts. Capoul was an excellent 'Wilhelm Meister,' and Mdle. Bianchi the best 'Filina' I ever saw. She was encored in the Polonaise, and recalled twice afterwards. Nilsson was, of course, the star of the evening. The prices had been doubled, but the house was crowded. After the 'Swallow' duet, the conductor, Signor Bevigiani, handed Madame Nilsson a valuable present from the subscribers. It was a butterfly, the body represented by a large oriental pearl, the wings covered with rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds. At the end of each act she was called so many times before the curtain, that the performance lasted an hour over the usual time. At the close of the opera she was recalled again and again, to receive showers of bouquets, wreaths, crowns, and other floral tributes. This farewell scene lasted over three quarters of an hour, and the curtain finally descended at a quarter to 1 o'clock."

## Billiards.

THE most important of several matches for money that have taken place within the last few days, was that between John Roberts, jun. and W. Timbrell, for £100 a-side. The latter received a start of 300 in 1,000, and it may be remembered that the men met on precisely similar terms about twelve months ago, when, after extravagant odds had been laid on the ex-champion, Timbrell ran out with a fine spot-hazard break, and won by 20 points. The present match, like the last, was played in Manchester, and neither seemed in good form, Roberts especially failing to show to advantage. The scoring was very slow at first, until Roberts got away with 67, made by good all-round play; but after this he did very little for some time, and Timbrell reached 721 to 431. Breaks of 50, 48, 49, and 48 then helped to improve the ex-champion's position, and made him 685 against 873; but though, later on, a nicely played 65 gave his backers a little hope, yet he could never get on terms with the Liverpool man, and was defeated by 185 points. On Tuesday evening Manchester was the scene of another match, this time between John Roberts, sen. and W. Moss, who played 1,000 up, level, for £50 a-side. Of course the veteran has sadly gone off in his play since that famous evening early in 1870 when he made such a grand fight with Cook for the championship; still "there's life in the old dog yet," as Moss discovered to his cost. The latter started with a slight call in the betting. Both began slowly, and a succession of small contributions brought Moss's score to 176 against his opponent's 146. Then Roberts seemed to rouse himself, and, after astonishing the spectators with a ten shot, rapidly caught and passed Moss, and reached 393 to 280. A capital 74, which included 18 "spots," placed him still further in front, and Moss, who seemed quite demoralised, was beaten by no less than 415 points.

There have, of course, been numerous exhibition games in various parts of the country. Taylor and Stanley journeyed down to Cardiff last week, and as the latter made a magnificent break of 579, which is, we believe, the largest he has ever compiled—at any rate in public—it is needless to say that he won as he chose. Cook beat John Roberts, jun., very easily at Birmingham on Monday last. The champion's highest breaks were 107 and 373, and as he seems to be returning to his best form, the American tournament (which, as we noticed last week, has been postponed from January 18 to 25) and his match with Taylor ought to prove additionally interesting. Cook and Roberts afterwards played the best of seven games of pyramids, and, after a close struggle, the latter won by four games to three. On Wednesday evening F. Shorter played a game of 500 up with A. Cook, a younger brother of the champion, to whom he gave a start of 100 points. Shorter played exceedingly well, making breaks of 84 (12 "spots"), and 153 (46 "spots"). The latter is at present the highest break that he has made in public, and his play is improving very fast indeed. We subjoin a list of fixtures:—

## JANUARY.

- 4—W. Cook (Champion) and F. Shorter, 1000 up, Shorter receiving 400 start, Hope Tavern, Porchester Street, Hyde Park.
- 6—W. Cook and J. Roberts, jun., Moulders' Arms Hotel, Manchester.
- 7—W. Cook and J. Roberts, jun., Burrow-in-Furness, afternoon and evening.
- 7—F. Shorter and A. Hughes, 1000 up even, Inman's Restaurant, Oxford Street, 7.30.
- 8—W. Cook and J. Roberts, jun., Commercial News Room, North Shields.
- 15—T. Taylor and L. Kilkenny, 1000 up, the latter with 100 start, Gloucester Hotel, Oxford Street, W.

CHess.—Mr. Macdonnell having defeated Mr. Wisker in a match played last year by the very same majority that Mr. Wisker obtained in his late victory, it is now proposed to get up another match to decide the question of superiority between these players.



## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

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The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected communications. Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of enquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at 198, Strand.

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## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1875.

At the end of each racing season, and in the interval between the fall of the curtain at Warwick in November and the opening of the next act in the succeeding March, we are accustomed to look for the issue of the Turf Tripos, recording the statistics of winning owners, horses, and stallions during the past year. The slightest glance over the list of names contained in the first category will be amply sufficient to establish the fact that, in whatever direction bets may go, the larger and more important stakes invariably find their way into the pockets of those we are accustomed to regard as mainstays of the Turf. Of course, this is only as it should be, but we nevertheless find people simple enough to believe that success in racing depends upon the working of those "clever" tactics of which we hear so much in anticipation, but so little in result. Running the eye down a list of those names whose winnings have exceeded a thousand in 1874, we find that they comprise the principal subscribers to the most important stakes of the year, with a few "small men" thrown in, and just a mere sprinkling of those astute spirits who "make handicaps their study." The bookmaking division is sparsely represented, and one or two trainers figure therein more as substitutes for incognito employers, we should imagine, than actually concerned for themselves; while here and there the assumed names of some "great unknowns" crop up, just to shed an air of mystery over the finish of the racing romance. To the careful student of figures compiled by the recording angels in Mr. Weatherby's office, it must be apparent that the only approach to a royal road to winning is, firstly, capital; secondly, a judicious and liberal use of it in making engagements; and thirdly, pluck under difficulties, and a determination, according to Lord Exeter's maxim, to run horses out for their engagements, if fit and well, and always to "have a cut at the crack." The value of this policy has been proved over and over again, and it is obvious there is nothing to be gained by keeping horses to be looked at.

Lord Falmouth has for some years held a leading position among winning owners, and we could wish to see no more popular sportsman at the head of affairs. His Turf policy has ever been distinguished by every feature that honour could suggest or enterprise accomplish; and we may justly regard him as representative, in the highest degree, of our national racing tastes. Nor has the Turf reputation of "Mr. Launde" been in any way compromised by recent episcopal admonition administered to the octogenarian; and we will venture to say that his second to Lord Falmouth on the lists will be duly appreciated by his large Lincolnshire following. Mr. Lefevre, despite his provoking luck in the big races, divides the Church from the Law, whose representative in the person of Mr. Cartwright naturally enough takes high place as winner of the Derby, and to George Frederick and Louise Victoria old Marsyas mainly owes his creditable position among successful stallions. Mr. Savile and Mr. Chaplin are neck and neck among the runners up, and Joe Dawson treads closely upon their heels, though Bedford Lodge cannot be said to have prospered so well as usual during 1874. Mr. Crawford and Mr. Vyner represent the old and young schools of Turfites, but we could ill spare either; and Sir George Chetwynd comes out a sort of plating prince with his twenty-three winners. Lemnos and others have exalted the Goater fraternity to a higher position than usual, and the names of Bulkeley, Lagrange, Soltykoff, Ailesbury, Rosebery, Wilton, Lonsdale, and Batthyany show there is still a reserve of strength in the Jockey Club ranks. Thanks to the economy of his racing system, Mr. Bowes invariably holds a respectable position at the end of the year; while M. Aumont represents right formidably the foreign element *par excellence*, with his average of over a thousand for each winning bracket after Pent Etre's name.

If we glance at the other side of the picture, we shall find Mr. Merry, who has given up home-breeding, lower than he has been on the list for fifteen years; and, what is still more extraordinary, not only without a Derby favourite, but with no two-year-old winner in his stable. Mr. Payne has not had even a fairly prosperous season for some years, while Sir Frederick Johnstone does not seem to have profited by his removal from William of Woodvates to brother John of Stockbridge. Mr. T. E. Walker is declining the Turf, at least as an active supporter, and it has taken Mr. Brayley fifteen winning brackets to put together his modest fifteen hundred. Sir John Astley we should be glad to see higher up in the list; while considering the number of horses under Fred Bates' charge at Middleham, the Pretender and Bothwell blue should be oftener to the fore.

Lord Freddy works so much behind the scenes that his published winnings can be no true reflex of those which pass through his banker's book, but he can look at his trainer's bill without anxiety, and despite the Truth gelding's failure to credit him with the Cesarewitch, still commands all the respectful awe due to him as the Talleyrand of the Turf. Mr. Fisher's white jacket has hardly been so formidable since his wonderful two-year-old season of 1873; and probably neither Mr. Councillor Nicholls nor Sir Joseph Hawley's late commissioner, have made so much out of their horses in training as from those of other people. We miss Mr. Padwick, both under his real and assumed name, altogether from the list; but his old trainer has made Thunder pay his way, and it will be strange if Joe Dawson was not fairly well up, with Prince Charlie going occasionally for the hay and corn bill. Major Stapylton has only won one race, when old Syrian "came down like a wolf" on his Shropshire Handicap field; and the veteran Tom Dawson's twelve hundred is not much to boast of, though it may keep him in whiskey and snuff during the winter.

Winning horses, and successful stallions naturally go hand-in-hand together, and Adventurer, Thormanby, and Marsyas, have the three classic races and the "Thousands" between them, with Apology, Atlantic, and George Frederick. Blair Athol bids fair to take Stockwell's high annual place on the sire list; wherein Thunderbolt always manages to hold a respectable place, despite the strange prejudices entertained by some breeders against Colonel Alexander's horse. Then follow three Newminster's in Cathedral, Cambuscan, and Lord Clifden (the latter holding a lower place than usual); Beadsman's good deeds live after him in Chaplet and others; and Stockwell, Macaroni, and Caterer, are together in the honour list as they once were in the Hooton paddocks. St. Albans and Scottish Chief are rather out in the cold (the latter especially, after his very good season of last year); but, among the rising division we have Broomielaw, Speculum, Brown Bread, and Blinkhoolie, all looking up; and Vedette, thanks to Galopin and his revival at Dewhurst, once more raises his devoted head. Some of the lights of other days have burned down almost to the socket, the once mighty Lacydes figuring as the sire of one winner of "fifty-five sovereigns," and other former magnates of the Stud fallen from their high estate to beg for charity among the "half-bred" and hunter divisions. It has been quite a year of "unfashionable beauties" taking precedence of many old and well-tried public servants, but these sorts of changes are seasonable as well as reasonable, and it is just as well that new fountains of blood should be discovered before the old springs are dried up by constant use. There is so much fashion in breeding, and such undue glorification of certain nonsuchers at the Stud, that we gladly hail anything to break down such "special and exclusive barriers," even if they are to be re-erected round the new idols. If this were not the case, there would be danger of our getting more hopelessly into a certain groove than even our present manners and customs compel us to revolve in.

## THE FIRSTLING OF THE YEAR.

It has been rather an anxious time of late at Squire Oate's Stud Farm. The Queen of the Sandwich Islands, purchased at a very high figure when the great sale rallied all England round its ring last summer—the Queen, in foal to Emperor Maximus, and of whose produce great expectations have been formed, was in imminent danger of dropping a by no means welcome little stranger before 12 o'clock at midnight, on December 31st. The mind of old John Hobbs, stud groom to the squire, and of wide experience in cases like the present, had been particular beyond measure; and his Christmas fare was but half relished, in anticipation of the event being hastened, and the foal born out of due time. There had been nothing but comings and goings, consultations and weary watchings, and the heart of the veteran was in his mouth each time he peeped into the Queen's box, fearing to behold a moist, downy, legs and wings kind of a creature engrossing the royal attention, or shaking its half-fledged stump of a tail in acknowledgment of the lacteal stream so bountifully supplied from nature's fount. Her Majesty's uneasiness could not be concealed, and her owner's eyes were open before their time each morning, as he lay nervously wide awake, half expecting the mournful tidings of the Queen's accouchement to be carried in with his shaving-water. His pocket-book entries were ever and anon anxiously consulted, and the nicest possible calculation made of weeks, days, hours, minutes, and seconds, from the date of the mare's last service—while the conviction in his mind grew even stronger, that, taking the most favourable view of the case, it would be a "near thing" at all events, though not calculable, like the pace of an American trotting-match, to the quarter of a second. Christmas-day was passed in a kind of half-hearted joviality, and the entrance of each course brought a sickening feeling such as we experience when bad news is expected. Even the wassail bowl did not quite dispense, if it contrived in some measure to relieve, the melancholy forebodings of the good stud-master and his family, to all of whom the impending event was one of the deepest interest, for had not the Queen been their pet, hope, and joy ever since she had been led to her new home between the may-laden hedges of the country lane? She had been the cynosure of all eyes as she grazed in the paddock; children's hands had caressed her and pressed good-naturedly upon her the delicacies of the garden and orchard, as summer and autumn had brought round their juicy treasures once again. The foals of earlier years had gone forth to conquer, and here was she, hardly having attained as yet the mellow prime of life, with a burden far more precious in the eyes of breeders than those which had gone before. Emperor Maximus, all admitted, must be the "nick" for such a mare; and high breeding authorities had smiled on the union, and "Special Commissioners" had recorded (by anticipation) their verdict in favour of the coming K— of the racing world. Close and exciting had been the struggle for her possession, and the ivory hammer of Mr. Tattersall had long vibrated in air during the last passage of arms between lord and commoner; until the latter's superior metal had won the day, and the final rattle gives the signal for an outburst of popular applause. How folks who "would not have the mare at a gift (after having 'gone on' for her up to a thousand)," would chuckle and crow, and what a homily, "Senex," might read on the uncertainties of breeding—the little stranger foal find itself promoted to the rank of yearling in a few hours' time; and as "useless for racing purposes," be turned out quickly to shift for itself, the scorn and derision of those who had watched so eagerly for its arrival. And so the "slow sad hours" passed away towards the coming of a new year; a week's interval of anxieties indeed, but lessening

care day by day, as old John gave it his opinion that "t'uld mare might lie a bit longer yet"; and as he and his myrmidons flitted noiselessly about the yard, guarding the occupant of a corner box from all noise and excitement. False alarms arose by day and by night, but only to pass away, and scarce a hen could "cluck" in the byre, or the Argus of the establishment growl an alarm at the footstep of some passing Christmas tramp, but all were on the alert to restore the "ancient solitary reign" of silence round the confines of the homestead. Hope could hold out no longer than the morning of the year's last day, and the Squire came with muffled footstep to look over his pet in her snug box, with gait and features more expressive of an impending death than expected birth. All night long had John kept his vigils in the saddle-room with two of his helpers to bear him company, and provide what comfort they could. How they longed for noon to bring the beginning of night as the sun commenced his downward course—how they welcomed the twilight, and felt safer as darkness drew on apace. Meals were hastily snatched, and duties hurriedly and fearfully performed, and watches nervously consulted as the frosty moon rose late over snow-covered roofs and branches glistening with the brilliants of the hoar frost. Nine—ten—eleven o'clock are solemnly told from the valley church far away, and John, as he steals Guy Faux-like across the yard with his horn lantern to take a look at the mare, knows that it cannot be far off, and that Christmas present or new year's gift, which is it to be? with just the price of cat's meat, or a cool thousand? a welcome Jacob or an unblessed Esau? Hark! from the vale beneath swells up the tumult of "wild bells across the snow," and but a weary half hour has to be tidied over now. John hangs his old-fashioned turnip of a watch on its night-nail by the stove, and paces anxiously up and down the dim, cramped room, listening to the sound of soft bells rocking a distant tower. He will not move now, for better or for worse, until that solemn pause in their music, which marks the dying year's last sigh, and breaks out once more to welcome his heir, who "rides post haste" across the waste. There is a soothing influence in their refrain, and the minutes pass quicker, and his heart grows lighter as he stops once again to trim his lantern, and to feed the dimly glaring fire. Now he may track the minute hand of his watch travelling slowly onward toward the mystic hour, and with trembling hand he opens the steaming window to listen for that pause, the silence of which must be broken by the long hoped-for chime. All is quiet now until the first welcome note rings out clear and sharp through the frosty air. The iron tongue seemed never to speak so slowly, but the joyous bells once more ring out; and now he may know the worst or best. Once more he follows the track across the yard, and lingers on the threshold of the Queen's box, if perchance any sound of a new life may fall upon his ear. But all is silent, and the mare stretches out her sleepy head for a caress as he casts his lantern light hurriedly round the snug box. Now may he send forth his drowsy fellow-watcher to report "all well" to the squire, sitting over the fragrant remnant of his last pipe before bed over the dying fire. Now may he fill his pipe, and puff at it with the enjoyment of a man with a sudden load lifted from his mind, and doze off to the sleep of the just while yet the merry valley roundelay sounds faintly in his ears. No need now to dream of disappointed hopes, and the promise of a young career prematurely blighted; and in dreams he may follow home Derby winners galore, or hear his pet's name shouted above the revelry and devility of a Cup day on the great skirts or rolling Sussex downs. Black ashes, frosted panes, and the dull iron-grey twilight of dawn breaking over the world—these are his waking sights, though his mate sits fast asleep in the rug, and the silence of night is unbroken as yet. Now with a good heart may he rouse his comrade, and stroll hopefully across to see "what luck" during the small hours he has dreamt so peacefully away. There is no quick recognition this time—but her Majesty stands there in all her glory, carefully and unremittingly licking a brown, damp little image of herself, whose legs seem ready to slip away from him at any moment as he totters towards the teeming udder. "Well, John, what is it?" rings out the Squire's cheery voice, as he comes up for an early look round at the boxes. "A colt, sir, and capital strong foal too; gently, old girl, you shall have all to yourself in a minute," sings out the cheery voice of old John from the box; "he's just saved his bacon by an hour or so, but it's all right anyhow; now we'll let 'em alone till after breakfast."

"On Jan. 1, at Highart's Paddocks, Queen of the Sandwich Islands, a colt foal to Emperor Maximus, and will be put to him again."

Thus ran the fashionable announcement in next week's *Bell*; and old John is never tired of telling the story how they watched and waited, like shipwrecked sailors waiting for the dawn; how they counted every second till midnight, not daring to go near the box until that witching hour; and how they found the young 'un on his legs and at his breakfast early in life, when, as the "Druid" relates of the birth of Rataplan, "he jumped up, blew his nose, and sucked his mother!"

## WALKING MATCH AGAINST TIME.

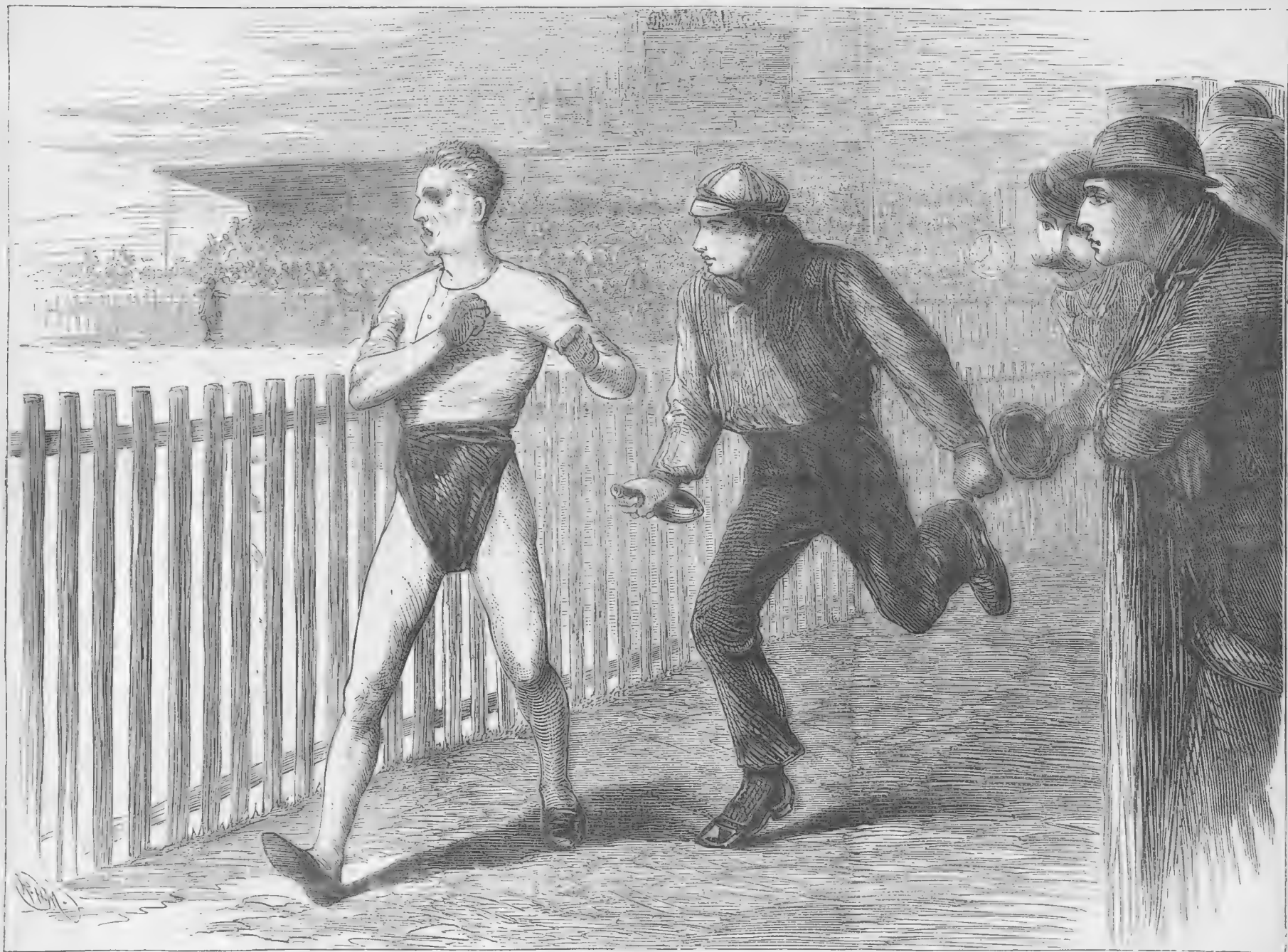
THOUGH several of our best walking men have tried from time to time to cover eight miles in an hour, the feat has never yet been accomplished, and, after the failure of William Perkins, unquestionably the finest walker of this or any other time, people will begin to doubt if the performance is possible. Perkins is just twenty-two years of age, and, like many of the best exponents of "fair heel and toe," is very short, standing only 5 ft. 5 in.; but he is unusually muscular and powerful, and when fully extended covers a surprising amount of ground in his stride. His career has been very brilliant, and his successive defeats of such men as Hurley and Stockwell soon placed him firmly at the top of the tree. We are not inclined to accept his present performance against time as altogether correct. His appearance on the stage of a music-hall shortly before the race did not look like business, and December 21 is scarcely the date that we should select to attempt a wonderful performance of this kind, as the hard frost that has prevailed of late must have sadly interfered with his training; indeed he looked far more fleshy than when he walked Stockwell in the spring. He went off at a rattling pace, and covered the first mile in 6 min. 55 sec. Then, however, he began to tire, and as he occupied 30 min. 33 sec. in doing the first four miles, his chance of success became hopeless. We believe, however, that he will make a fresh attempt about May next, and as, if eight miles can be walked in an hour, Perkins is unquestionably the man to do it, we shall watch his attempt with great interest.

RESTLESS and Entrée have left Hopwood's stable at Hednesford.

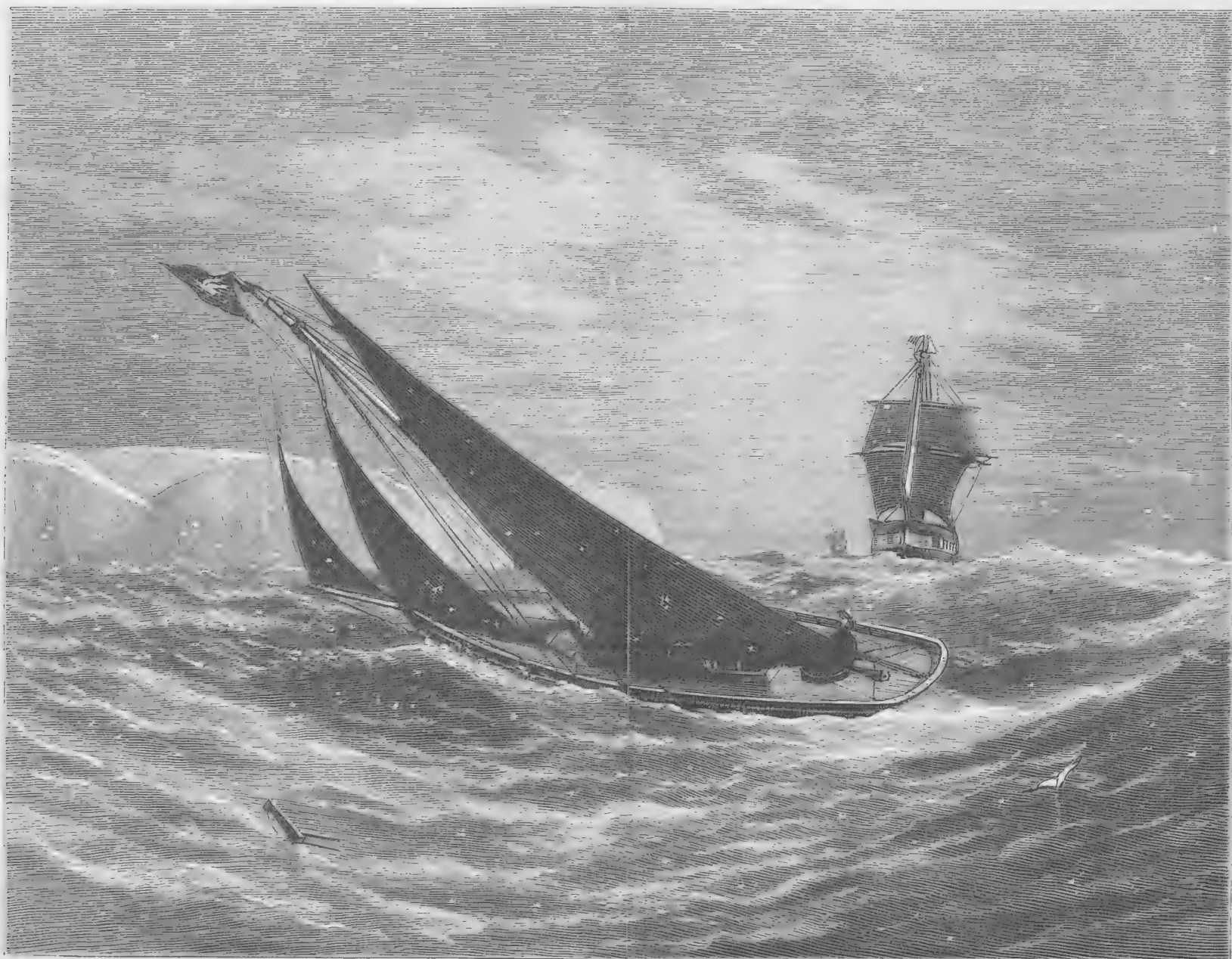
OWTON was erroneously reported to have left Richmond, and it is doubtful whether he will go to Newcastle or join the Belleisle team.

VULCAN, who, under the training Tom Jennings gave him, became one of the speediest horses ever known, has at length gone to the stud, and will stand for three years at Howden Hall, Lincolnshire, Mr. W. H. Clark having leased him for that time.





PERKINS AGAINST TIME AT LILLIE BRIDGE.



WINTER YACHTING.



## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

ALTHOUGH river sailing can no more be compared to a cruise "on the waters of the dark blue sea" than hare-hunting can be to a day with the Quorn in Leicestershire, to those who cannot leave London during the months of May, June, or July, a trip to Southend, Sheerness, or Heme Bay, will be found very enjoyable in a cutter, yawl, or schooner, of from 50 to 80 tons. Unfortunately there are few places near the metropolis where a vessel of the above tonnage can be safely moored. At Blackwall, Greenwich, and Woolwich, you run every chance of having your vessel fouled by a collier, run down by a foreign steamer, or of having your bowsprit carried away by a merchantman, or your boat stowed in by a billy-boy; moreover the odour from Old Father Thames occasionally forms, as Falstaff says, "the rankest compound of villainous smells that ever offended nostril." The only safe moorings, then, are at Erith and Greenhithe, and there is another advantage which the two last mentioned places can boast of, and that is that stores and provisions of every sort are to be had at a more reasonable rate than at those nearer London. A steamer from Hungerford or rail from Charing Cross will soon transport you to your vessel, and once on deck how delightful to find the river not quite so much choked up as it is off Blackwall, Woolwich, or Greenwich. The latter place, famed for its good "Ship," its glorious "Trafalgar," and its whitebait, reminds me of a saying of the late Henry Ibbotson, than whom a kinder-hearted creature never existed. Ibbotson was not a punster, nor an utterer of good things, and yet on the occasion referred to, he might have taken his rank by the side of Theodore Hook, James Smith, or the reverend wit, Sydney Smith. Ibbotson's attention having been called to the monument erected to the memory of the brave Bellot, he remarked "that reminds me of Tom Bowling—

'Faithful Below, he did his duty,  
But now he's gone aloft.'

Retrace we our steps to the glassy deck of some smart cutter, where you feel you have breathing room, after the heat of the smoky sweltering metropolis, as you give the order to unloose the foresail, mainsail, and fore-staysail, to haul out the jib on the bowsprit ready for hoisting, followed by the sharp command, "Hoist the throat and peak halliards well up, block to block; haul them taut; set the mainsail; hoist fore-staysail and jib, see them well purchased up; the sheet hauled in and cast off; slack out the mainsail; haul in jib-sheet on the port tack," and you are under weigh, with a strong tide, and the wind dead against you. This would not suit the Londoner who, upon being asked his opinion of yachting, replied, "When it's calm it's tedious, when it blows it's dangerous," but a fresh breeze even with a dead beat is exhilarating to the sailor, be he amateur or professional. "In 'beating up,' great care must be taken, when sailing close to the wind, not to sail too close, that the canvas may always be kept quite full. In tacking, the practical steersman will see that every attention is paid to the latter point, the mainsail hauled amidships, and the helm put gradually down." And here I must digress to introduce a story of Theodore Hook's, who declared that when the skipper of a noble schooner asked the owner whether he would like to take the helm, he replied, "I never take anything between breakfast and dinner." When the vessel is head to the wind, "let fly the jib sheet" will be the order; if she is on the starboard tack, the port foresheet must be hauled in taut, which in nautical phraseology is called backing the foresail, and when she begins to fill on the other tack the weather foresheet must be cast off, the lee and jib sheet hauled in, and the mainsail trimmed. In the event of a sudden squall coming on, the helmsman must keep his vessel well full—I write of cutter sailing—that as the squall strikes her she may have good way on; he must luff into the wind as soon as it begins, and if she does not right at once, the jib and foresheets must be let go; if that fails, the mainsheet must be cast off, and a hand must be sent to stand by the fore and jib halliards, which must be followed by the order, "Down foresail—in jib," that is, if the gale increases. The mainsail must then be reefed, a smaller jib set, and with these precautions a seaworthy vessel may defy the "blustering railer, old Boreas." As I write for all classes, from the experienced yachtsman, who has crossed the mighty Atlantic or the Bay of Biscay, to the tyro who has never been on any waters, save those of the Serpentine, I venture to offer a few hints that may prove valuable. 1st. When two vessels meet, whichever is running free must make way for the one close-hauled. 2nd. Keep a good look-out ahead both for vessels and squalls. 3rd. Never leave anything in the gangway, and keep the deck clear. 4th. In tacking or jibbing, stand clear of ropes' ends and blocks flying about, and take care that the boom does not knock you overboard. 5th. See that the ropes are all coiled up, the boats ready to be lowered, the life-preservers in their proper places. Lastly. Give strict directions that the orders of the steersman are "promptly obeyed." In bringing up, the anchor must be suspended over the bowsprit shrouds, and made ready to let go. The headsails must be lowered, the helm put down, until the vessel is head to wind, and when she is fairly stopped the anchor may be dropped. To make snug, the mainsail must be triced up, the peak lowered with the helm to one quarter or another, according as the tide sets. In bringing up at moorings, great skill is required. Assuming the tide is against you, it will be best to round the vessel about a hundred yards short of the moorings, and when head to wind lower the mainsail, leaving the headsails standing; this, with pulling up the helm, will bring her head round again; then take in the jib, and if she has way enough, the foresail also; with the opposing tide there will be no difficulty in steering the vessel so steadily to the buoy that it can be taken in with the greatest ease. I have seen steersmen who have been nearly an hour in accomplishing this end, and who might have exclaimed in the words of the late Charles Mathews, "This boy (buoy) will be the death of me." Before I conclude, let me say one word upon jibbing, which is one of the most difficult manoeuvres a young sailor has to go through. Great care must then be taken to give the shore a wide berth, to see the mainsheet taken in, and its coils kept clear for running out, to trice up the tack of the mainsail, and if there is a fresh breeze, to lower the peak. The helm must then be put to the opposite side to which the boom swings, and on the instant the mainsail has traversed to the other side, change the helm to the reverse and meet her.

It has often occurred to me that it would be an interesting research to trace the origin of seafaring terms; for, unquestionably, nothing can be more extraordinary than many of the nautical expressions, of which the following will give a good specimen. In stowing an anchor they must haul away the cat, before they can hook the fish. In bringing up a ship in bad weather, they stop her with the dog; and it is quite a usual thing to talk of "handing in the leech," "clapping on a lizard," "raising on a mouse," "seizing with a fox." The cat seems to be a favourite word; there is the boatswain's cat for the unruly, the cat-head, cat-fall, cat harpings, and we hear of "catching every cat's-paw to claw off a lee shore."

With regard to vessels, there are many ways to be purchased or hired, and to the man who has time and funds at his command, I would recommend him to buy outright, as it will save



THE LATE MR. H. M. FEIST. (See Memoir on page 327.)

him money in the long run, and it is always more satisfactory to sail in your own than a hired yacht. If his object is river sailing, a cutter from 20 to 25 tons will answer his purpose perfectly; if his views are sufficiently ambitious for Cowes and the Isle of Wight, then one from 30 to 45 will best suit him; but if he is tired at "living at home at ease," and wishes a cruise to far distant parts, I should advise a yawl of from 80 to 90 tons, or a schooner of double that tonnage. As far as my experience goes, I much prefer for many reasons the "wooden walls of Old England" to iron ones. As the aquatic season approaches, the price of vessels greatly increases; the purchaser, therefore, will do well to look out in the autumn or winter, and he will save a considerable sum. For my own part, I consider it best to buy a yacht at the end of the season, when she is afloat, than when laid up; leaks, if any, will soon be discovered, and the state of the sails, ropes, blocks, cables, can be more easily ascertained than when they are stored away in some dark store-room.

It is impossible to give a just estimate of what a second-hand yacht should cost, for much will depend upon its age and the state it is in; for a new vessel the price would be from £34 to £38 pounds a ton. With regard to men, the wages run from 25s. to 28s. a week, and the captain of any tolerable sized yacht would expect 100 guineas a year. Under 50 tons, two guineas, or two guineas a week would be about the average charge for him. In addition to the above, the captain and crew will expect two suits of clothes; the usual complement is one man to every 10 tons, and that in a large craft includes captain, steward, and cook. Many yacht owners keep back a few shillings a week as good-conduct money, which the men receive at the end of the season, provided they have given satisfaction. There are always plenty of vessels for purchase and hire, and I should recommend application being made to the secretaries of the respective yacht clubs, as from their high and responsible positions their word may be relied upon.

Every attention is paid to yacht owners at foreign ports. At Cherbourg, on entering the harbour, care must be taken to salute the guard-ship, by passing under her stern, lowering your flag, or dipping your burgee; failing so to do, a few pounds of powder will convey a pretty broad hint of the neglect to the authorities, and no one that has not paid the usual compliment to the French flag will be permitted to land.

Happy am I to find that the Prince of Wales, who patronises every manly amusement, has become a yacht owner; his Royal Highness has moreover proved his love for yachting by becoming a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and Commodore of the Thames Royal Yacht Club.

REVIVAL OF CRICKET IN THE COUNTY OF KENT.—The energetic measures initiated at Tunbridge in September last with a colts' match, by Lord Harris and other influential country gentlemen, have been since vigorously followed up, and such measures adopted as will, next season, reinstate Kent in the position she occupied amongst the counties 30 years ago. Two or three very enthusiastic meetings have been recently held, and it has been determined, amongst other matters, that the Kent home matches in 1875 shall be played on the beautiful new ground of the Private Bankers, at Catford Bridge, as first suggested in these columns; and that challenges be sent to play home-and-home matches with Nottinghamshire, Surrey, Sussex, Derbyshire, and Lancashire; that the season be opened with a colts' match, with the veteran Willsher as captain, against 11 county gentlemen. Surrey has, we learn, declined the challenge; and the other clubs have not yet held their committee meetings to decide upon the matter. Lord Harris and Mr. Charles Hardy have liberally undertaken to defray the expenses of one of the out matches. As regards the hon. secretaryship, Mr. W. de Chair Baker will continue the management of the "Canterbury Week." Lord Harris has kindly undertaken the control of the county matches, while the formal business of the club will continue to be transacted by Mr. W. Davey, of Canterbury.

WINDSOR SPRING MEETING.—This meeting was fixed for April 6 and 7, but the date has been altered to Friday and Saturday, the 9th and 10th of that month, being the two days after Warwick.

WOLVERHAMPTON, 1875.—The date of the Wolverhampton Spring Meeting is finally fixed for April 15 and 16, and the Autumn Meeting for September 9 and 10.

YORK RACE MEETING.—At the meeting of the York Gimcrack Club, the week before last, Alderman Steward proposed the health of "Mr. Roper, president of the club, and the Race Committee," and in doing so observed that for thirty years he had known Mr. Roper as the earnest and liberal supporter of various associations for the benefit of the city, and under his presidency York Races had risen to a position of prosperity and popularity which they never before enjoyed. Alderman Melrose, in returning thanks on behalf of Mr. Roper and the Race Committee, assured the club that the efforts of the Committee had not been spared to place York Races well to the front. People often talked about what the Committee ought to do, and made comparisons between York and Doncaster, or Epsom, Newmarket, or Goodwood, but he contended the comparison was unfair. It might as well be expected that a two-year-old should beat a three-year-old with the same weight over a long course. Compare York Meeting with itself and see the pace the Committee had been going during the last ten years or so. In 1863 the added money was £1,610 for the two meetings; in 1873 it was £3,250; this year they gave £3,500. Thus in twelve years they had augmented the prizes by £1,890 per annum. In addition to this, there had been expended during the same period in the elegant new stand, in the entrance to the old stand, the stone stand, the new telegraph office, and various other conveniences, above £4,000; and they were now about to enter into a contract for the construction of a new saddling paddock, with a weighing-room, jockeys' dressing-room, stand, and other improvements. In addition to this, Mr. Johnson, their excellent judge, would announce in the papers that the Convivial Stakes for 1877 would have £300 instead of £100 added money. They must bear in mind the fact that York had not the Corporation purse to draw from like Doncaster; and London does not pour its thousands and tens of thousands of people upon our Knavesmire as it does upon the Downs on the Derby day. The Committee endeavoured to make York races as attractive as circumstances would allow, and he thought the few statistics he had ventured to state would show that the York Race Committee had not lagged behind in their duty, but had progressed, and hoped still to go on prospering for the benefit of the good old city, and the amusement and pleasure of all true lovers of the Turf.

THE SANDOWN PARK (ESHER) SPRING MEETING.—The full programme of this meeting will be published shortly, but it may be mentioned now that the first Tuesday in January is the day of closing for the three principal events—the Esher Stakes (a mile handicap for all ages), the Sandown Park Stakes (for two-year-olds), and the Grand International Steeple-chase Handicap. To the latter no less than £1,200 will be added, and so much as this has never been offered before as a bonus. To each of the other races above named £500 will be given. It should be mentioned that, for the Esher Stakes and Sandown Park Stakes six horses, the property of different owners must start, or only half the added money will be given, and that unless ten animals, the property of different owners, go to the post for the big event, the bonus will be reduced to £500. Great preparations are already being made for the meeting, which will be under the direction of Mr. J. Pratt, who has already become a popular official with all grades of turfites. The ground chosen is capitally adapted for steeple-chasing and flat-racing, and it is said that the charge for admission to the course will be higher than that usually demanded at the metropolitan meetings. It is proposed to hold a series of meetings each year on the new course at Sandown Park, and already six hundred annual tickets at ten guineas each have been issued. The holders of these tickets will be accorded special advantages, the nature of which will shortly be advertised.

THE CROYDON MARCH MEETING.—The addition of £500 to a hurdle race is a novelty which will be presented at the Croydon March Meeting, when that sum will be given to the Grand International Handicap Hurdle Race, the nominations for which number 105. This capital entry has, no doubt, been obtained partially through the handsome bonus above alluded to, and the race should vie in importance with the United Kingdom Steeple-chase, to which a "monkey" will also be given. The entries for the first-named affair include several new candidates for jumping honours, amongst them Daniel (by Marksman), Hippias, Broomicknowe, Glaucus, Highlander, Xanthus, Restless, Khe-dive, Oxonian, Druid, and Saccharine (by Saccharometer), the latter of whom is to be sold by auction at Tattersall's on the Monday after Christmas.



## THE BERLIN STAGE.

BERLIN, December 14.

Few European cities are better provided with theatres than Berlin, whose pleasure-loving citizens have an especial taste for operatic and dramatic performances. Life in the new capital of the German Empire would be indeed but a very sorry affair if it were not for the multitude of theatrical amusements, for with its infamous drainage and barbarous cuisine the city is certainly not the place where anyone at all desirous of retaining his senses of taste and smell uninfected would feel inclined to pitch his tent. To compensate for these drawbacks of Berlin life, visitors to the new Weltstadt naturally enough fall back upon the theatres, trusting to the actors' talent to make them momentarily forget that after the performance is over they will have to sally forth into streets from the slushy open drains of which emanate the most nauseous of smells; and that, should they perchance enter a *Restaurateur* in search of supper, they will have their palates atrociously disgusted by the most repulsive jumble of sweets and bitters and soups that ever left the kitchens of any civilised city.

The Berlin Opera House, on which the inhabitants of the Weltstadt look with so much pride, will be of course a very insignificant affair by the side of the grand lyrical temple which M. Charles Garnier is completing in Paris; but it is nevertheless a handsome theatre, and although as regards size it is smaller than La Scala, San Carlo, or Her Majesty's—having about the same dimensions as the old Paris opera-house in the Rue Lepelletier (to-day defunct)—it certainly surpasses them all, both by the beauty and richness of its decorations and the admirable character of its interior arrangements. It is situated at the end of "Unter den Linden," in front of the University, and owes its creation—like so many of the Berlin public buildings—to the great Frederick, whose marvellously life-like equestrian statue by Rauch rises within a hundred yards from its façade. It was inaugurated in grand state on December 7, 1742, the work produced for the occasion being Graun's opera of *Cæsar and Cleopatra*. M. Louis Schneider—whose name is well known in the German theatrical world—has told us in his interesting history of the Berlin opera how eccentrically the great Prussian monarch used to manage the theatre, which was under his own private control. He had, as we know, a great taste for theatricals, and was continually despatching envoys to Paris in quest of celebrated artists, whom he treated, by the bye, in a manner which no impressario would venture to adopt to-day. His instructions, which are still preciously preserved in the archives of the Berlin Opera House, were at times sufficiently humorous, as may be judged from the following specimens, which I transcribe in their original French, and without in any way altering his Majesty's spelling:—

"Je ne sai (sic) qui est la Bournonville; elle peut danser (sic) mais comme elle n'a aucune célébrité (sic) certes je ne la regarderai pas."

"Le danseur et sa femme (sic) ne valent pas 6 sous; il faut les renvoyer au plus vite et par le plus court."

With the exception of a few modifications introduced during the reign of Friedrich Wilhelm II., the Berlin Opera House remained almost the same as Frederick had left it, for a century. Completed early in 1743, it was destroyed by fire on August 18, 1843. Rebuilt in the space of fourteen months, under the auspices of Friedrich Wilhelm IV., with the same exterior form and decorations as the old house, but with its interior more commodiously arranged and more richly ornamented, it was re-inaugurated on December 7, 1844, Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia* being performed on that occasion for the first time. The principal façade, decorated with a Corinthian colonnade, is surmounted by the statues of Apollo, Euterpe, and Terpsichore, and bears the inscription, "Fredericus Rex Apolloni et Musis." The decorations of the *salle* are gold upon a white background, the royal box being no mere proscenium *loge*, but a most gorgeous structure of majestic proportions, and with eight Corinthian columns, placed immediately in front of the stage. The ceiling of the house—a work of considerable merit, due to the imagination of Schoppe—represents the arrival of Apollo among the Gods. The proscenium boxes are decorated with statues representing Joy, Wit, Art, Truth, Fear, Criticism, and Innocence.

The operatic event of the season in Berlin has been the visit of Miss Minnie Hauk, who has been most cordially received by the critics and the public, although one penny-a-liner has impudently declared that the young Canadian *primadonna*'s singing is inferior to that which was any Sunday to be heard at any of the Berlin suburban pot-house concerts. Miss Hauk debuted in the rôle of 'Mignon' in Auber's well-known opera of that name—a part "created" in the Prussian capital by Pauline Lucca, whose departure and inconstancy the Berliners are, strange to say, still bewailing. Miss Hauk's efforts in *Mignon* met with the warm approval of her audience, and by her subsequent performances of 'Zelina,' in Mozart's *Don Juan*, and of 'Rosina,' in Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, achieved a very creditable success. She shows marked signs of improvement since I last heard her in Paris, and if her voice has no great compass, it is remarkably sweet and well schooled. As an actress, moreover, Miss Hauk is rapidly approaching excellence.

The repertory of the Berlin Opera is a very large one, and since my sojourn here we have been favoured with the performances of wellnigh a score of different works. How different from either London or Paris! Among them I may mention *La Flûte Enchantée*, *Les Huguenots*, *Don Juan*, *Mignon*, *La Muette de Portici*, *The Barber of Seville*, Mozart's *Belmonte und Constanze*, Nicolai's *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Fantasia*, and last, but most certainly not least, *Aida*—Verdi's most recent contribution to the operatic stage. This latter is put upon the boards with rare magnificence, and the leading part is interpreted in a most masterly manner by Fräulein Malling; the rôle of 'Amneris' being filled by Fräulein Brandt, and that of 'Radames' by Herr Niemann. *Aida* is a powerful passionately written work, of great dramatic effect, but the impression it leaves on the mind is scarcely a pleasing one.

If lyrical opera thrives in Berlin, the so-called "comic" productions which have procured celebrity in France and England for Offenbach, Hervé, and Lecocq, are scarcely so well patronised. On one occasion alone have I heard an orchestra strike up an air from *La Fille Angol*, but that happened to be at a very little theatre, and the air in question—the well-known Conspirators' Chorus—was set to very different words to those which Clairville originally wrote for it. On the other hand, the Berliners appear to have an especial predilection for the air to which some years ago we used to sing that insane production, "Champagne Charley," and whenever a dramatist is embarrassed for a tune, he inevitably falls back upon that one. The only Berlin theatre where what may be called real *opéra-bouffe* is performed is the richly decorated and splendidly lighted Friedrich-Wilhelmstädter Theater in Schumann-Strasse, which can accommodate some 1600 spectators. Here Johann Strauss's comic opera, the *Flodermans* (*La Chauve Souris*), produced in Paris several years ago, and the amusing libretto of which is by Meilhac and Halévy, is having a long run, the cast and scenery being on the whole very creditable.

The Königliches Schauspielhaus—the Théâtre Français of Berlin—ranks both as a monument and a theatre immediately after the Opera, but the praise which the Berliners bestow upon its architecture is certainly exaggerated; and although pompously

called a Grecian edifice, it is far from possessing Grecian purity and elegance of style. The façade, which is decorated with an Ionic portico with six columns, is approached by a broad flight of steps, at the sides of which are bronze groups by Tieck, representing genii with panthers and lions. In the frontispiece above the portico rises the figure of Niobe, and surmounting the edifice stand statues of Melpomene, Polyhymnia, and Thalia, respectively symbolising Tragedy, Song, and Comedy. The interior of the theatre is only remarkable for its painted ceiling, due to Wach and Schadow, and the principal composition of which—a by no means unpleasant one—represents the triumph of Bacchus. The repertory of the Schauspielhaus is a remarkably extensive one, and does not merely consist of German dramatic works, translations from the French and English being frequently produced. For instance, one of the most popular pieces played there of late has been von Schlegel's adaptation of *Roméo and Juliet*, with Herr Ludwig and Fräulein Meyer in the leading rôles. The same pair have also been interpreting the chief parts—those of the 'Comte de St.-Hérem' and of 'Charlotte Méran'—in Dumas the Elder's *Demoiselle de St.-Cyr*, of which a translation by Herr Bornstein has also been playing at the Schauspielhaus, where we have, in addition, recently had performances of Schiller's well-known five-act tragedy, *Verschwörung des Fieskos zu Genua*; Brachvogel's comedy, *Alle Schwestern*; Paul Lindau's drama, *Ein Erfolg*; Fresenius's *Ein gefährlicher Freund*; Putzlitz's *Spiele nicht mit dem Feuer*; Kotzebue's *Die Unglücklichen*, &c. &c.

The Residenz-Theater, which occupies in Berlin about the same position as the Gymnase in Paris, has been performing of late *Monsieur Alphonse*, the celebrated *tableau-de-mœurs* of Alex. Dumas fils. The German version is a tolerably correct one, and the part of 'Adrienne' is skilfully rendered by Fräulein Uebermayer, from the Vienna K.K. priv. Carltheater. *Monsieur Alphonse*, which is now at more than its 50th performance, has been alternating of late with an amusing comedy in the Low German dialect, entitled *Tante Lotte*, and written by Herr Julius Ernst. A short time ago, on the occasion of the visits of Frau Eleonore Wahlmann and Herr Reinan, of Stuttgart and Dresden fame, to Berlin, performances of *Medea* and *Graf Essex* were given at the Residenz-Theater.

The large and unusually popular, but heavily and untastefully decorated, Wallner Theater, has not been particularly fortunate of late. A three-act comedy by Dr. J. B. von Schweitzer, called *Die Darwiäner*—a title which seemed to promise an amusing piece—met with a complete failure, and had to be withdrawn after eight or nine performances to all but empty houses. There was scarcely a spark of originality in the plot, and the wretched jokes about the ape theory were almost entirely destitute of point. The *Darwiäner* was followed, for a brief period, by an adaptation of Offenbach's *La Diva* (libretto by Meilhac and Halévy), produced under the title of *Die Theater-Prinzessin*. Recently, however, Herr Friedrich Haase, the popular Saxon comedian, director of the Leipzig Stadt-Theater, has been performing at Wallner's, taking the part of 'Bonjour,' the commissionaire in *Wiener in Paris*, and that of 'Arthur de Marsan,' in Bahn's adaptation of the French comedy *On cherche un Professeur*. The rôle, however, in which he has most excelled has been that of the 'Marquis' in Sandeau's famous work, *Mlle. de Seiglière*, in which, moreover, the part of 'Hélène' was remarkably well interpreted by Fräulein Nissel. The German version of this piece, by H. Laube, is a most faithful rendering of the French original. From the numerous instances I have given of the performance of translations of well-known French pieces in Berlin, it will be seen that however bitterly the Germans may hate the French, as a nation, they have a warm and undisguised admiration for their "hereditary enemy's" dramatic compositions.

Resuming our round of the Berlin theatres, the next house that calls for our attention is the National-Theater. We have recently had here performances of Mosenthal's drama *Deborah* with Fräulein Plahn in the leading part; Roderick Benedix's *Die religiösen Studenten*, and Rudolf Menger's *Manassas der Jude von Toledo* which latter is having a rather long run. The scene is laid in 1586 in one of the free cities of South Germany, and the part of 'Manassas'—an Israelite who has been banished from Spain—is played by Herr Ed. Lortzing. At the Stadt-Theater, the speciality of which is tragedy, there have been performances of Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe*, with Emerich Robert in the rôle of 'Ferdinand,' and of a translation of Calderon's *Life's a Dream*, *Das Leben ein Traum*, with the same tragedian in the part of 'Sigismund.' Gutzkow's *Uriel Acosta*, a tragedy the scene of which is laid at Amsterdam during the Spanish domination in the Netherlands, now occupies the boards at the Stadt-Theater.

In regard to the Belle-Alliance-Theater, which has been showing of late marked signs of improvement, it has momentarily abandoned its customary *répertoire* for a grand Christmas piece, *The Legend of King Algot*; or, *Three Tears*, to which is prefixed an amusing *lever de rideau*, "The Man without a Name," *Der Mann ohne Namen*. Previous to the production of these novelties Dr. Carl Töpfer's *The Brothers Foster*, or, *Fortune and its Freaks*, and P. Heyse's *Hans Lange* alternately occupied the boards. The scene of the first is laid in England, and the audience is introduced during the five acts of which it is composed to a multitude of personages, including King Henry VI., the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, Sir Thomas Klingsporn, a dissolute *soub*, and a variety of subaltern characters answering to the picturesque and uncommon names of Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson. The customary constable makes his appearance as usual. *Hans Lange* is a remarkably entertaining piece with much local colouring, the scene being laid in Pomerania in 1476. Herr Wirbeck sustained the leading part.

I reserve for my next letter an account of the wonderful success achieved by the *Seven Ravens* at the elegant Victoria Theatre; as well as a description of Kroll's and the numerous minor theatres and other popular places of amusement.

A NEW comedy, in five acts, by Mr. Albery, will be the next novelty at the Olympic, when *The Two Orphans* wanes in its attraction.

MISS ADA CAVENTISH, after a most successful tour in the provinces, reappears in London on Saturday, the 9th of January, at the Charing Cross Theatre in her celebrated impersonation of Mercy Merrick in Wilkie Collins' play of *The New Magdalen*.

CITY CHORAL SOCIETY.—This young but flourishing society gave a concert on the 8th ult. in the large schoolroom under the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, which was very successful and attracted a numerous audience, the singing of the choral selection being highly creditable and showing good drill on the part of the conductor, Mr. Edwin Moss. The soloists were Misses Gibbs, Butterworth, and C. Harper, members of the society, professionally assisted by Miss Lizzie Evans and Messrs. Moss and D. James. Where all went well it seems invidious to mention names, suffice it to say that Miss Lizzie Evans was encored in both her songs, as also Mr. Moss in his selections, he having taken the place of an absentee. With careful training the Misses Gibbs and Butterworth are likely to make their way. One thing we must say in passing, that the society should get a better place of meeting, or at least one where acoustics have been better attended to by the builders.

THE LAST OF THE HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—On the evening of Saturday week the very last concert was held in the Hanover Square Rooms, which must now be regarded as among the things of the past, after enjoying a lease of popularity just a century in duration. They were full of interesting associations, and many, perhaps most, of our readers have pleasant recollections of evenings spent within their walls. A few words, therefore, about their past history can hardly be out of place to-day. They were built in the first half of the reign of George III., by Sir John Gallini, an Italian by extraction, but a Swiss by birth, who, coming to England, was engaged to teach dancing to the then youthful Royal family, realised a fortune at the West-end, received the honour of Knighthood, and married Lady Betty Bertie, daughter of Lord Abingdon. If we go back a little further, we find that the south-eastern corner of Hanover-square, which these rooms occupy, was anciently called the Mill-field (from a field which adjoined it, and which Mill Street, hard by, still commemorates) or Kirkham Close, in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, though in 1773 it was joined on to that of St. George's, Hanover-square. It appears to have formed part of the premises in the occupation of Matthew, Lord Dillon, the ground landlord being the Earl of Plymouth, who sold it to Lord Denman, who resold it to Sir John Gallini, by whom the house and the original concert-room was erected. Just a hundred years ago the latter, joining with John Christian Bach and Charles F. Abel, converted the premises into an "Assembly Room," no doubt in order to act as a counter attraction to the fashionable gatherings in Soho-square under the auspices of Mrs. Cornelys, and other places where music went hand in glove with masked balls and other frivolous dissipation. Two years later we find Gallini buying up the shares of his partners and carrying on the Rooms upon his own account. Supported by the musical talent of Bach, Abel, and Lord Abingdon, and also, in emergencies, by the purse of the last, Gallini carried on here, from 1785 to 1793, a series of concerts, for which he contrived to gain the patronage of the Court. George III. himself used frequently to attend these concerts, together with Queen Charlotte; and it is said that he showed such an active interest in the performances that His Majesty had a room added to the side, called the Queen's Tea Room, where, over the mantelpiece, is still to be seen a large gilt looking-glass, which he presented to the rooms for ever. In 1776 a committee of noblemen and gentlemen, consisting of Lords Sandwich and Dudley and Ward, the Bishop of Durham, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Sir R. Jebb, and the Hon. Mr. Pelham, established the well-known "Concerts of Ancient Music," to the directorship of which soon afterwards were added Lord Fitzwilliam and Lord Paget, afterwards the Earl of Uxbridge. These memorable performances, which commenced their first season at the Tottenham-street Rooms, near Tottenham-court-road (subsequently converted into a theatre), and which from 1794 to 1804 had their head quarters at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, were removed in the latter year to the Hanover-square Rooms, where they flourished under the patronage of Royalty and the leaders of the aristocracy—including the late Prince Consort, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Westmoreland, &c.—down to June, 1848, when they were discontinued. King George III. with his Queen took the warmest interest in these concerts, and not only occupied the royal box with his family night after night, but would constantly write out the programmes of the performances with his own hand. It is said the directors of these concerts paid Sir John Gallini a rental of £1,000 a year for the use of the rooms. Mr. Greatorex was the conductor of these concerts from the commencement of the century down to his death in 1831, when he was succeeded by Mr. W. Knvyett. These rooms were also used down to a comparatively recent date for the Philharmonic Concerts, established by Messrs. Cramer, Corri, and Dance, in 1813, under the auspices of the Prince Regent. They were first held in the Argyll-rooms at the corner of Argyll-place, and on those premises being burnt down at the Concert-room of the Opera House; but they were transferred to Hanover-square in 1833. It may not, perhaps, be out of place to mention here that the annual performance of the *Messiah* for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians was given here from 1785 to 1848. In 1845, at the death of the Misses Gallini, Sir John's nieces (the founders of the Roman Catholic church in Grove-road, St. John's-wood), their freehold interest was bought by Mr. R. Cocks, the eminent musical publisher, who has now, as we understand, let them on a lease of 21 years to the committee of a club in the course of formation, called "Le Cercle des Etrangers." It is not, however, only with the two ancient institutions above-mentioned that the history of the rooms in Hanover-square was interwoven, but with that of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, and with the concerts of the Royal Academy of Music in Tenterden-street, which renewed its performances here in 1862. The large room, in its original state, was dull and heavy, owing to the architectural style of the date at which it was built; at one end was the ponderous Royal box, and almost the only tasteful decoration consisted of some paintings by the hand of Cipriani. In the winter of 1861-62, however, the rooms underwent a complete restoration and redecoration, and they became the most comfortable concert-rooms in London, to say nothing of their great superiority to most large buildings in respect of acoustic properties. As their aspect is tolerably familiar to most of our readers, we will only add that the large room has a slightly arched roof, richly gilt in square panels and compartments; the walls on either side of the room are adorned with Corinthian columns with ornamental capitals, also gilt. The panels over the looking-glasses are filled with medallions, painted in *bas relief*, of the most celebrated composers, Handel, Beethoven, Bach, Rossini, Purcell, Weber, Haydn, accompanied by their names and dates. The plinth round the room is decorated in imitation of marbles of various patterns and colours. The Royal box is finished off in white, buff, and gold, with paintings representing "Peace" and "Plenty," and with hangings of crimson and gold damask. The old method of lighting by sunlights has been superseded by the introduction of hemispheres of silvered glass, with the sides upwards, having 12 jets each, radiating to the centre in a star-like form underneath. The organ, which is mentioned in "Hopkins and Rimbault's History of Organs," was built only a few years ago by Messrs. Thomas C. Lewis and Co. of Brixton, a very powerful instrument, and was sold by auction on the premises on the 22nd ult., along with some of the other fixtures and properties.—Times.

MRS. HOWARD PAUL will commence a limited series of representations of her popular entertainment at Westbourne Hall, Bayswater, on Monday, January 4th. She will be assisted by Mr. Walter Pelham and Miss Blanche Navarre.

At the Gaiety *matinée* to-day, Lord Lytton's play *Money* will be represented, in which Miss Rose Leclercq and Miss Furtado, and Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Righton, and Belford will take part. On next Saturday's *matinée*, *The Lady of Lyons* will be performed, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal (Miss Madge Robertson) as 'Claude Melnotte' and 'Pauline.'

MORNING PERFORMANCES.—Morning performances of the Pantomimes of the Princess's and Adelphi will take place at Covent Garden on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays; at Drury Lane on the same days, and also on Thursdays; at the Standard every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday. *Blue Beard* at the Globe will be represented this and each succeeding Saturday afternoon.



## Sporting Intelligence.

THAT Christmas comes but once a year must be a subject of congratulation to most people; even to the gayest votaries of the so-called festive season the day of reckoning soon comes round, and the plum puddings provided for the young and the big dinners for the older members of society are but too surely followed by headaches and dyspepsia, blue pills, and brandy and soda. A green Christmas, they used to say, filled the churchyards, and, judging from the Registrar-general's returns, the late horrible weather has not allowed much spare time to the undertakers, in which to enjoy their holidays. Snow and frost, intermixed with much fog, may be all very well to read about, but such a conglomeration spoils sport in the country, and makes most miserable, to the very last degree, the dwellers in town. Hunting and coursing have been completely stopped; partridge and other shooting much interfered with; even a *battue*, with snow up to your knees, and icicles dropping off the trees down the back of your neck, is not pleasant pastime; and skating, when it is safe, at which stage it has not yet arrived, owing to the frequent snowstorms and partial thaws, is only a kind of amusement, and cannot be called sport. Having, then, no hunting runs of any sort to record, and the Kingsbury and Streatham Christmas Meetings being postponed or abandoned, there is literally not one little bit of gossip in my line, for I purposely keep aloof from bicycling at Lillie Bridge, football at the Oval, and pigeon-shooting everywhere. In such a dreary state of affairs the appearance of the One Hundred and Second Volume of "The Racing Calendar" was warmly welcomed, and frozen out sportsmen of all degrees have been eagerly devouring the Turf statistics collected therefrom; a very brief review of which may be interesting to my readers before we look forward to the good things promised us in 1875.

To begin with the table, showing the number of horses of different ages that have run in each year, the return for 1874 is scarcely satisfactory; for by it we learn that the total of all ages that ran in England and Ireland last year was 1,965, being 114 less than ran the previous year, and 133 less than ran in 1872; in 1871 the difference is much greater; but to the end of July in that year Hunters' races were included in "The Calendar;" at the same time while the total has decreased considerably in the last two years, the number of our two-year-olds has increased, which of course makes the falling off in the number of our older horses all the more. Another fact, that will not be pleasing to those who admire stamina in the race-horse, is that the races of half a mile, and under that distance (although not nearly so numerous as they were in 1870), have during the last four years been steadily increasing, but all races of over half a mile, of whatever distance they may be, are nearly 100 less than they were in 1873.

Running down the list of winning horses some curious facts are revealed; of the eighteen aged horses who have presented their owners with more than £100 each, Syrian, with his single Shrewsbury victory in the Great Shropshire Handicap, after seven successive defeats, heads the list with £1,365; which is all the more singular, as he won the same race last year, after very nearly the same erratic running. It took Oxonian nine winning brackets, out of twenty-eight races, to score £1,075, and no other *old 'un* got much over a monkey. Blenheim, to whom alone, and that by a fluke, Prince Charlie knuckled under during his last two years on the turf, heads the six-year-old division, with £1,520, having won half-a-dozen, and lost the same number of times; Quail, who like Syrian, won her only race at Shrewsbury, is next with £950; not a very large take-up, considering she had been running unsuccessfully pretty frequently for twenty-five months previously. At the top of the five-year-olds, stands the lucky Lilian, who credits Mr. Savile with nearly £3,000, thanks to numberless Queens' Plates, half-a-dozen of which she walked over for; and next to her comes Bonnie Prince Charlie with £2,577; for eight wins out of nine tries; his last, his greatest, victory being when he defeated the Cambridgeshire winner, *Peut-être*, over the Rowley Mile. Modena cleared exactly £2,000 in five victories, her Goodwood Stewards' Cup being nearly half the amount. An unusual run of luck attended Lowlander at Ascot, and enabled him to gain more than any other four-year-old; his five wins amounting to over £3,000; his nearest neighbour in the list being Thunder, who is credited with £2,140. Doncaster, the hero of Epsom in 1873, only managed to gain one bracket, worth £550, and he was returned a dead-heater with Flageolet, for second honours to Boiard in the Ascot Gold Cup, the only other time he ran. Of nearly two hundred three-year-olds, as well as of all other ages, the parson's mare, Apology, stands a glorious first with £12,850; the Derby winner, George Frederick, not having quite reached half that sum, the unfortunate Atlantic being third with £5,625. Camballo is the chief of the two-year-olds, with £4,140 to his name, Mirflor is next with £3,500, and Plebeian's only race, the Middle Park Plate, was worth £3,340 to his various owners.

Lord Falmouth, with twenty-five prizes, scored £15,975, and Mr. Launde, with eleven, won just £700 less. M. Lefevre is third on the list with the largest number, fifty-six, worth £14,649; while Sir G. Chetwynd, whose colours were victorious forty-three times, has only got a little over £5,000 to pay his expenses with. Such is a short *resumé* of the past; at present, until the Spring entries are before us, the future is almost a blank.

The handicap for the great steeplechase at Croydon is published, and appears to please most people, and Mr. Verrall has advertised £500 added money to the chief hurdle race of the meeting, a sum unheard of in connection with timber-topping before. In fact, in a pecuniary point, our prospects for 1875 are most flattering, for Messrs. Topham intend to add a cool thousand to the Grand National, while Mr. John Frail has signified his intention of presenting the winner of the Bristol Royal Chase with a bank-note of similar value in addition to the stakes, but these well-known caterers for the British public are outdone by the newly organised management at Sandown Park, who not only advertise £1,200 to their Grand International Steeplechase, but also add £500 each to the Esher Stakes, of one mile, and to the Sandown Park Stakes, of half-a-mile, at their first meeting in April.

In the far north the Northumberland Plate is to be increased to £500 added money. At Newmarket, the Middle Park Plate, under the most liberal patronage of the breeders of England, has closed with 153 subscribers, and Mr. Gee has, of his own free-will, promised to give £300 annually to a race to be called after his breeding establishment, the Dewhurst Plate, for two-year-olds, to be run for in the Criterion week, over the last seven furlongs of the Rowley Mile. At Rugby, too, a new feature is to be introduced into the Grand Military programme, in the shape of a race, each day, for horses belonging to officers of the yeomanry. So, taking things all round, we may look forward, with a fair amount of confidence, to a brilliant season in 1875. And I may here remark that, in addition to the numerous stakes to be run for in England, there are several valuable prizes in Ireland, open to horses from this side the Channel, which also close on Tuesday next, among them being

the Irish Derby, and the Baldoyle Derby of 1876; the latter, last year, having been won by Bloomfield.

The old saying that "betting is a fool's argument" cannot hold good nowadays, I should think; for racing would come to a dead lock without betting; and at the present time a single bet of £50 is attracting the attention of three-fourths of the racing community. A good deal of correspondence has taken place upon the subject, but I have never seen the facts fairly laid before the public; they are, as far as I can glean, as follows:—

A filly, named Lambskin, won the last race but one at the Doncaster Meeting. In the "Calendar" we read: "An objection to the winner, made after the conclusion of the meeting, for having run at a meeting not under Newmarket rules, was not entertained by the stewards on the ground that it was made too late!" Now this said Lambskin ran during the season no less than twenty-eight times; and won four races. During all this time she never started favourite but once, and on that occasion, when the property of Mr. T. Horncastle, 100 to 30 was laid on her, and she won the Scurry Stakes at Croxton Park from Lorenzo and Turkey. The next race she won was the Corporation Stakes at Doncaster Spring Meeting, when she was sold to Mr. Rawcliffe. From that time she was most frequently ridden by Halliday, who appears to be a much coveted jockey; for he occasionally puts up a stont or more extra weight, and appears also to be able to ride as a gentleman, as well as a professional; for at Stockton he is returned in three races as "Mr." Halliday. Whoever rode her, however, poor Lambskin never figured in the returns of the betting; she was not quoted even when she won the Selling Handicap at Manchester, when she was said to have again found a new owner; she, however, continued to run as Mr. Rawcliffe's, and in his name won, the Westmoreland Stakes, starting at 20 to 1 in a field of six! I have purposely alluded to the fact that she never was backed. I read elsewhere that after she had won, there was a rumour that there would be an objection; this was rather a mild way of putting it, for she was scarcely past the post, when—

"There's a cry and a shout, and a dence of a rout,  
And nobody seems to know what they're about."

and in the midst of the uproar a bookmaker calls out:—"The winner don't get it for fifty." A gentleman standing by, probably a backer of the second, and thinking it a hedge, says, "Done," and each party makes the necessary entry in his book. The owner of Regal, however, who does not belong to the "win, tie, or wrangle" school, could not collect his evidence, or something else prevented him; and the objection was not made in time; and so the winner *did* get it. "Hinc ille lacrymæ."

There appears to be an unwritten law among betting-men, that bets are off in such cases, and a member of Tattersall's writes and says it has always been the case; but why it should be so I do not know. However, the bookmaker in question refusing to part, this case was referred, and he was told to pay. The chief speculators at the clubs are of opinion that as no objection was made at the scale, the bet is void; and we are informed that if the present decision holds good, a great opening for fraud will be made. In another club, where there are no such speculators, I have also heard the case argued; and the opinion there expressed was unanimous, and in accordance with the decision of Tattersall's Committee, and in which I most cordially join; because it is quite evident from the way the mare went in the market in every race she ran for, shortly after Mr. Horncastle sold her, that somebody knew something, and were only waiting for the opportunity to bring the sharp practice into play. The layer in the present case, knew that *it was only a question of objecting to disqualify the mare, and that the backer had no chance, if an objection was made*; but he omitted to calculate how long it would take to ascertain whether the mare had run at a meeting where she should not have done, and he was simply beaten by time; had the race been run on the previous day, there would have been time, the mare would have been disqualified, and he would have been paid, although the backer had no chance when the bet was made, barring the forlorn one of Capt. Machell not making the objection before the meeting was over.

The dreadful railway accident, which has just carried grief into so many families, has a painful interest to the racing community at large, probably more so than to any other class of travellers; for we are necessarily always on the rail, and, as unnecessarily, always crowded like cattle into pens. Leading articles in the *Times* on the action of frost on the tires of wheels will do no good until managers of our various lines take care that the carriages are not overloaded. A station master dare not send away a truck loaded with ten tons of coal, which truck had painted on its side "to carry six tons only." Why then are fifteen or twenty human beings thrust into a compartment wherein is a notice "to hold five on each side?" The last straw breaks the camel's back; and, instead of looking at the broken tire, if the jury will find out how many unfortunate victims were crowded into the carriage which caused the accident, they will confer a greater benefit on the travelling public. If any director doubts what I say, let him appear *incognito* on the platform at West Drayton about 6 p.m. the next day that a race meeting is held there. He will then probably have some anxiety about the wear and tear of his own rolling stock, if he has none for the lives and limbs of his fellow creatures.

There is scarcely any betting on future events; during the early part of the week five fifties were taken about Camballo for the Two Thousand; and Holy Friar, who is spending his holidays at home, had a hundred invested on him at 8 to 1. The Waterloo Cup betting is singularly flat this year, 20 to 1 being offered against anything; but, when the speculators have returned, it will probably become as heavy a betting event as ever.

PRINCE CHARLIE.—The following letter has been addressed to the Editor of the *Morning Post*.—"Sir,—Some breeders will no doubt be scrupulous respecting Prince Charlie being a roarer. I beg to say I have his dam and granddam, the latter being 25 years old, and in foal, sound in wind and limb as the day she was born. His dam is in foal, and sound in every respect. She can be seen at Cobham next month, where she will be on a visit to Blair Athol. Prince Charlie was very ill when a foal, and had to be taken early from his dam. He had to be brought up on cow's milk, port wine, &c., and I had great difficulty in rearing him.—Yours obediently, HENRY JONES."—Asphall House, Littleport, Isle of Ely, Dec. 16.

IMPLORER and Esther have left Jacob Watson's, at Richmond, and gone to Newcastle, where they will be trained on the moor by Colpitts. Owton remains at Richmond. Implorer has proved far from being a profitable animal to Mr. R. Sterling, on whose behalf he was purchased at Lord Zetland's sale in 1873 for 210gs. He was backed for a lot of money for the Chester Cup last May, and ran well in that race up to the Grosvenor-bridge. He carried 6st. 8lb., and, with 8lb. more, was sixth for the Northumberland Plate, while, on the following day, he was the last of the four starters for the Newcastle Handicap. Five times since he has been unsuccessful, Newcastle having been the theatre of his winding-up performance, as he was nowhere for the Town Plate, won by Controversy.

THE RIDE FROM VIENNA TO PARIS.—A pamphlet of considerable interest to equestrians is about to appear in Vienna. It is a narrative of Lieutenant Zubowitz' wonderful ride from Vienna to Paris, with various useful lessons deduced from his experience, by that officer. The pamphlet is divided into three parts. The first simply gives a sort of diary of the ride. From this it appears that the distance traversed was not 140 German miles, as has been stated, but 180, or about 855 English miles. The whole way from Ems to Nancy the horse Caradoc was lame, having hurt the frog of its right fore hoof by treading on a nail at Ems. Owing to the lieutenant's skill in adapting a shoe specially to the requirements of the case, Caradoc later lost its lameness. However, while lame, it could proceed only at a slow pace, and took sixteen hours in getting over the ground it should have traversed in twelve. This left it fewer hours of rest. During the journey Herr Zubowitz allowed no one besides himself to come near Caradoc, but fed and groomed him with his own hands. The second part of the pamphlet deals exclusively with the subject of feeding and watering. No experience is more common among horsemen than that horses overworked lose their appetite and refuse their food in the same measure as they require it more urgently. Again, every one knows how seriously horses are apt to be affected by a change of water, an even still more indispensable article than dry food. The effect of new water is the more powerful for its being generally taken on an empty stomach, horses on the march requiring to be first watered and then fed. Herr Zubowitz got over the latter difficulty by having all the water given to his horse boiled first, so that at every place it was more or less the same. As fodder he used exclusively a mixture of carrots and wheat bran, with a very small quantity of oats, and this he found always palatable to the horse, and both cooling and nourishing. The mixture he steeped in boiling water, and gave in the shape of mash when cool, and it has never been refused. To the use of this mash Herr Zubowitz in a great measure attributes the great staying power displayed by his horse. The third part of the pamphlet deals with shoeing. This is a doubly interesting subject in the present instance from the horse having lamed early in the ride. Herr Zubowitz (being evidently unacquainted with Fowler's gutta-percha shoe) inserted a piece of leather between the hoof and the shoe, which served as a protector to the sole by raising it from the ground. Herr Zubowitz is confident that the accident which disabled Caradoc at Ems would never have occurred had this precaution been applied earlier, and also to save the hoof by interposing a soft substance in the contact with the ground. The new shoe was specially made after Herr Zubowitz' directions, and he adduces as a proof of its utility that although it was heavier in weight than the other shoes, not only did it by no means tax the horse's powers more, but it even enabled the lameness contracted at Ems gradually to wear off.

CERTIFICATES of the pedigrees and ages of the following horses (bred in Hungary), the property of Count Tassilo Festetics, jun., have been lodged at Messrs. Weatherby's:—Herr Collega, br. c. by Buccaneer out of Merry Bird, by Mountain Deer, 2 yrs.; Rotunde, ch. f. by Buccaneer out of Peeress, by Chanticleer, 2 yrs.; Wienerin, br. f. by Buccaneer out of Crafton Lass, 3 yrs.; Eberhard, ch. yearling c. by Breadalbane out of Beatrice, by Birdcatcher; Ladylike, b. yearling f. by Buccaneer out of Lady of the Lake by Teddington.

THE JOCKEY CLUB.—At the next general meeting of the Jockey Club the Stewards will move—"That in future no person who has been warned off Newmarket-heath for corrupt practices upon the Turf, and no jockey who has been suspended from riding for a similar reason, shall be permitted to enter the stands, enclosures, saddling paddocks, or weighing rooms at any meeting which is held under the rules of racing, as established by the Jockey Club at Newmarket, so long as the sentence against them remains in force."

CAMBRIDGESHIRE STEEPLE-CHASES.—The Cottenham Steeplechase Meeting has been altered from February 23 and 24 to Thursday and Friday, February 18 and 19, being the two days following Bromley First Spring, and in the week preceding the Grand Military and Rugby Hunt and the Aylesbury fixtures.

WILLIAM DAY, for the first time for many years, has no horses engaged in the principal weight for age races of 1875. Years ago he was as prominent a nominator for the "classic" events as Sir Joseph Hawley, Mr. Johnstone, and M. Lefevre used to be.

NEW MATCH.—On Tuesday in Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1875, Prince Soltykoff's Tripaway, then 4 yrs., 8st. 7lb., against Sir G. Chetwynd's Grey Palmer, then 3 yrs., 8st., last half of R.M., 100, h ft.

M. LEFÈVRE's brood mare, Cerdagne, who ran second for the Cambridgeshire to Westminster in 1869, has dropped at Chamant two dead foals to Henry, who, it will be remembered, won the Ascot Cup in 1872.

MIDDLEHAM.—The Prince of India (2 yrs.), by Tim Whiffler out of Empress of India, has arrived at Winter's stables to be trained. He is engaged in the St. Leger, but not in the Two Thousand or Derby.

YORK AUGUST.—Two yearling stakes for this meeting have closed, the Prince of Wales's Stakes of 1875 with 40 subscribers, and the Ebor St. Leger of 1876 with 26 subscribers.

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN RACE MEETINGS.—Mr. T. G. Watts Waters, the official handicapper to the Turf Club of Ireland, has been appointed handicapper for these meetings.

It is reported by *Le Sport* that the French Administration of Haras has bought Soudan, and has offered 12,000f. (£480) for Avant-Garde, who is by Zouave out of Peniche.

THE latest additions to the private sale list include Peeping Tom, Royalist, Victorious, The Tester, The Test, Witchcraft, Struan, The Leopard, &c.

BATH, 1875.—The Twenty-fourth Biennial Stakes has closed with 28 subscribers.

CROXTON PARK RACES.—These races are fixed for Friday, April 2.

SOUTHAMPTON race meeting is announced for Thursday and Friday, July 15 and 16.

OXFORD RACES.—Oxford Meeting of next year is fixed for Thursday and Friday, August 19 and 20.

MR. J. PRATT has been appointed clerk of the course at Egham and Carmarthen.

PRINCE CHARLIE will commence his stud career at the Royal Paddocks at a fee of 50 gs. He is limited to twenty-five mares.

MORNINGTON, who broke down in the Cesarewitch, will stand as a stallion at Danebury next year.

OXFORD MEETING.—Mr. J. F. Verrall has been unanimously elected to the clerk of the courseship at Oxford.

KINGSLERE.—Hermann, after having been fired in both hocks, has gone to Stanton's stud farm.

ALMENECHES, who formerly belonged to the Duke of Hamilton, is now under the care of Cassidy.

THE added money to the Spencer Plate at Northampton is to be increased to £200.

BOIARD, Apollon, and Flageolet have been fired.

It is intended to establish "paper hunts" at Nice.

MR. GREENALL has sold Derwent for 50 sovs.

HENRY and Cymbal will be located at Newmarket next season.

HERMIT's subscription is full.



## SPORT IN IRELAND.

BY RALPH NEVILLE.

If Ireland could be as strictly preserved as England and Scot-

land are, there can be little doubt that it would speedily become a more prized nursery for game than either of its sister islands. The climate, though humid, is by no means as a rule rigorous during winter, as there are very rarely heavy falls of snow, or

long continued frosts, which imperil the existence of the grown birds at that season; or, want of water in spring and early summer, which proves so disastrous to the young ones during the breeding time. The density of the population in the greater part



HARE SHOOTING.

of the country, however, renders the preservation of game, to an extent worth the cost, almost impossible; except in certain districts where great landed proprietors reside, and their tenantry

are holders of large tracts of pasture lands, where game can breed in peace and safety.

Poaching is not practised in Ireland to such a pitch as would

materially lessen the quantity of game; for, from the want of convenient markets for its disposal, or purchasers for the eggs, it would be not only a dangerous but an unprofitable occupation for



SNIFE SHOOTING.

those who embarked in it as a means of gaining a livelihood. The real mischief done is effected in a manner which can scarcely be checked, namely, by the children of the peasantry, who are sent to weed the growing crops on their small holdings, accompanied as they invariably are by cur dogs; and who, from the

nature of their labours, can scarcely avoid finding the nests, and are unable to resist the temptation of robbing them, particularly when they can safely do so without a chance of discovery. There is, perhaps, no European country which affords better water-fowl shooting than Ireland, both as regards the quantity and quality

of the birds which it produces. Its bogs and marshes, traversed by rivers or intersected by innumerable brooks, afford the finest possible breeding grounds; while its numerous and extensive lakes, interspersed with islands, secure ample protection to the flocks of ducks, widgeons, wild geese, swans, and other migratory



fowls which frequent them during the day, when it is impossible, unless under peculiar circumstances, to approach sufficiently near them to have a chance of killing. Duck shooting may be said to commence in the latter end of July, on the rivers, where

the young birds, then fully fledged, are denominated, "flappers," because, not being as yet strong enough on wing to take long flights and leave the places they are bred in, they seek to avoid their pursuers by flapping along the surface of the water. It

is but poor sport, and is in fact little better than butchery. The best as well as the most agreeable season for wild fowl shooting is in the autumn, when, at dusk, the flocks quit the places where they have reposed in safety during the day to

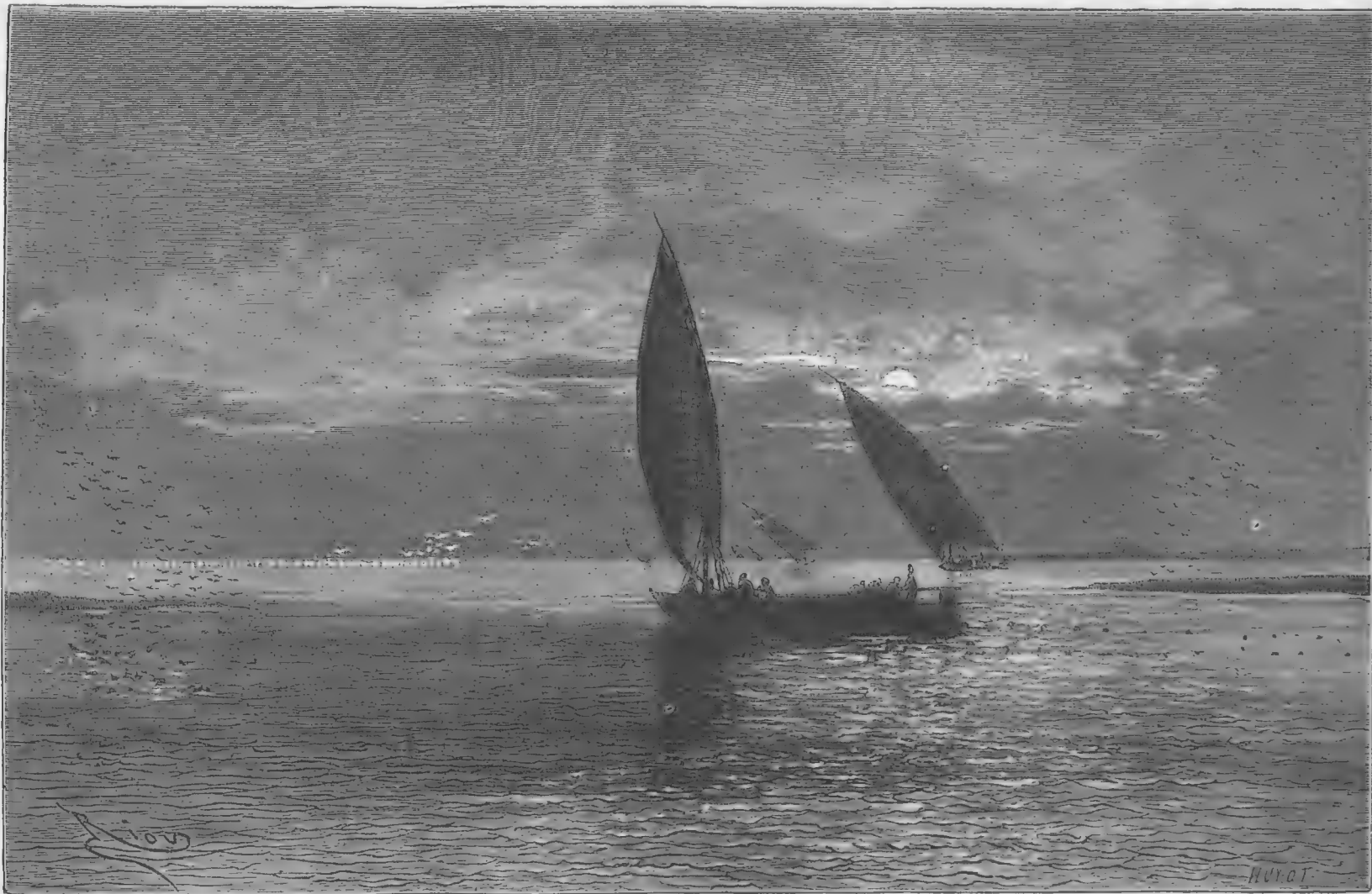


QUAIL SHOOTING.

feed upon the growing or cut corn before it is stacked. The sportsman has then only to conceal himself in one of the "stooks" and await their approach; when, if he knows what

he is about, and has stationed himself judiciously, he can quickly fill his bag with waterfowl of all descriptions in the very highest condition.

A calm evening will only permit him to obtain a few shots; for the detonations being heard by the flocks who follow those fired upon will cause their instant change of flight, while the smell of



WILD-FOWL SHOOTING ON THE COAST.

the gunpowder will effectually prevent the approach of others until it has completely subsided.

A strong wind blowing from the direction of the rivers or lakes towards the feeding ground will enable the sportsman to enjoy himself for at least half-an-hour with uninterrupted sport.

Accompanied by a steady retriever he has then only to choose a suitable position; and, effectually concealing himself, to await the arrival of the birds. The hoarse "quaking" of the mallards, combined with the shrill whistling of the widgeon, and the "cackling" of the geese will soon warn him of their approach;

and, waiting quietly until sailing down upon him with distended wings they are about to alight, he has only to fire amongst them just after they have passed, when he can scarcely avoid knocking some of them over. No sooner will the first flight have passed on, than it will be succeeded by others, to be dealt with after the



same fashion; the wind carrying off the sound and smell of the firing on their predecessors, without the later ones being able to hear the one or perceive the other.

Later in the season, when ducks and their congeners must be sought for on their passage at night to the springs, where alone they can then obtain their food—at daybreak, when returning from them—or, at midnight, at the feeding places themselves—wild fowl shooting becomes by no means so agreeable an amusement. The well known fact that the same course is invariably followed by the flocks in proceeding to and returning from their feeding grounds, renders it easy for the sportsman to intercept their flight at particular places where the birds are compelled by obstacles or force of wind to elevate or depress their course of flight, and then and there, profiting by circumstances, to throw in some telling shots as they pass. Should the river along which they are flying be crossed by a bridge, they will only rise sufficiently high to clear the battlements, unless alarmed; and, if he be well sheltered from their observation, they will come so close to the sportsman as to render them his easy victims. But special care should invariably be taken never to fire on wild fowl of any description, unless necessitated to do so, until they have actually passed; as then the shot can more effectually penetrate the feathers and reach the flesh; whereas, should they be fired on during their approach, it is not by any means unlikely, if the head escape, that the shot will be repelled by the strength and solidity of the plumage on the breast, and the bird get off unharmed.

In shooting wild geese, or swans, this rule must never be departed from; for heavy shot will rattle off their breasts like "dried peas on a tinker's budget." And, *en passant*, we may remark, that few more delicate birds can be brought to table than the former—if he be only hung up for a sufficiently long time—say a month, weather permitting—before being plucked for cooking.

Wild-ducks may be found, during the day, singly, or in couples, in old marl pits, now covered with sedge, or occasionally in large numbers, should the weather be stormy, in sheltered portions of marshes, or rivers; but the sportsman must undergo the "disagreement" of wading through water, as exhibited in our artist's sketch, before reaching their haunts; while he must, indeed, be a thorough enthusiast in the sport, who will take a position, perhaps to his knees in water, concealed by a rudely constructed shelter, at least an hour before the expected time of the birds' arrival at their feeding places, patiently awaiting his chance of a shot. Wild fowl are often shot on the mudbanks in the estuaries of the sea, in quantities, by swivel guns, mounted in boats, as sketched by our artist; but we do not consider that such a practice is entitled to notice as coming in any way within the limits of legitimate sport.

Amongst the wild-fowl to be found in Ireland, must be mentioned the beautifully plumaged, and delicately flavoured teal: a bird which, in Catholic countries, enjoys the special privilege of being classed as fish, and eaten on fast days as such, no doubt to the great satisfaction of the faithful.

Partridge shooting is now carried on, in Ireland, after a fashion far more congenial to the feelings of a real sportsman than it is in this country; for here it is, we regret to say, fast degenerating into a mere slaughter of birds almost as tame as barn door fowls, and totally divested of all the adjuncts and incidents which when practised in what we may term its normal fashion, rendered it such an exciting, as well as health-giving sport. Unfortunately, too, independent of the manner in which both grouse and partridge shooting are now practised here, we find the baser motive of gain, but too often lurking beneath the ostensible motive of affording amusement. It is quite possible, however, were it at all practicable, that many Irish proprietors would be disposed to convert much of their less profitable land into game preserves, if they dared, the change being certain to improve their incomes; but, as the case stands, they are compelled to rest content with a moderate head of game, which requiring the aid of well-trained dogs, and a knowledge of field craft to find them, furnishes ample amusement, and enables the persevering and pains-taking sportsman to bag from ten to twenty couple of birds a day—a number which, on ordinary occasions, should never be exceeded.

The pleasure derived from beating pasture or stubble fields, when the sagacity and steadiness of good dogs can be fully witnessed and properly appreciated, is always great; for the sportsman feels a natural pride in observing the care and intelligence with which they master the ground, and suddenly drop, as if spell-bound, on finding the game; when they either remain immovable, or cautiously follow up the birds, as they "road" before them, until their master, arriving, motions them to move on, and the covey springs with a crash which startles the hearers. Surely this system of shooting is preferable to waddling into turnip fields where the driven partridges await destruction, followed by keepers to furnish ready loaded guns, the more quickly to dispose of the birds literally kicked up before them; until, fatigued by killing semi-domesticated birds who have almost lost the instinct nature furnished them with for self-preservation, the so-called sportsman prides himself, as he counts his bag, on the havoc he has so easily effected.

Quail, too, are found in many parts of Ireland, in abundance; but they lie too close, as may be seen in our artist's sketch, to afford good sport, and are likely to do serious mischief to young dogs by tempting them to seize, instead of springing, such an apparently easy prey; they are, nevertheless, as well as the rail in September, birds very much to be commended for the table. The innocent and harmless, but worthless water hen, sometimes attracts the attention of tyro sportsmen, although in this country it never appears in the *menu*; while in France, where it is eaten, it is eagerly sought after by the *chasseurs*, a dozen of whom will be amply gratified with their sport, if they can only succeed in bagging a few couple. The snipe, however, is the real *piece de resistance*, figuratively speaking, for the sportsman in Ireland; for there he is found in greater or less numbers, and, needless to say, is always *facile princeps*, of all the birds that figure on the dinner-table.

**KILDARE HARRIER HUNT MEETING.**—The Kildare Harrier Hunt Steeple-chases, over Halverstown Course, have been brought forward from February 3 to Wednesday, January 27. Mr. T. G. Watts Waters has been appointed handicapper.

**EPF'S COCOA.**—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled JAMES EPF & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly. Works for Dietetic Preparations, Euston Road and Camden Town. [Adv.]

**HORSES.**—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—To be had of chemists, 2s. 6d. per box, eight powders. These powders will be found the best remedy for horses' coughs, colds, sore throats, influenza, &c., and, as they are given in a bran mash, will be found the best means of giving medicines and obviate the danger of choking, so liable in giving a ball when horses are suffering from sore throat, &c. [Adv.]

**ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN (WM. HOGG, Proprietor).**—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheons always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter. [Adv.]

## Correspondence.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

### MISS MINNIE WALTON.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

SIR,—I am sure all your English readers who have seen this lady at the Haymarket Theatre will rejoice to learn from the last issue of your increasingly popular journal that Miss Minnie Walton is a British, and not an American subject, inasmuch as it is the more agreeable to our national feelings to recognise the unusual talent and ability she has displayed, and the incontestable claims to rank high in her profession which she has evidenced.

We can with the greater pleasure admit that, small though the two rôles have been in which she has appeared before a London audience, Miss Walton has shown herself indisputably entitled to a place in the first rank of English comedienne, with such thorough artistes as the ever-popular Marie Wilton, and the former queen regnante at the Haymarket Theatre, "Madge Robertson," as her countless admirers still love to call her. Indeed, there are no two artistes on the stage whose "style" Miss Walton's acting more resembles, for the reason that all three achieve their successes by "holding the mirror up to nature" in the most natural manner.

There is a slight inaccuracy in your article, however, which I am sure—Miss Walton being a "stranger" in the land—you will permit me to point out.

You speak of 'Mary Meredith' being the only character Miss Walton has yet assumed in this country, but I am informed she has appeared at Liverpool, Birmingham, and other provincial towns with Mr. Sothorn in *David Garrick*, playing 'Ada Ingot' (the character so admirably sustained, previous to Mr. Sothorn's visit to El Dorado, by Miss Amy Roselle). As the piece is now in rehearsal at the Haymarket, Londoners may hope soon to see her in a part more worthy of her powers.

But Miss Walton has also appeared in another character here. On or about the 8th of last month Planché's unique comedietta, *The Loan of a Lover*, one of those clever little pieces of which there is such a dearth now-a-days, was produced at the Haymarket as an afterpiece. Considering the usual character of "first" and "after" pieces at the London theatres (in most cases a disgrace to the management as well as the author), I do not wonder that the writer of your article was unaware of the change at the Haymarket; but let me recommend him to go there on the first available opportunity, if he wants a real, unadulterated, histrionic treat.

I have not enjoyed an afterpiece so much since Miss Robertson appeared at the same theatre last season in a comedietta written specially for her, entitled *Twenty Minutes under an Umbrella*, which I hope she will reproduce during her impending reign at the pretty little house in Sloane Square, since it is as much superior to the wretched farces of the day as Irving's 'Hamlet' is to the miserable travesties of it at the Globe and Princess's.

The character of 'Gertrude,' the merry, warm-hearted, little Dutch hoyden, is most bewitchingly rendered by Miss Walton, who cries and laughs, sings and dances, in the most demure and irresistible manner. She is admirably seconded by Miss Linda Dietz (a real American actress, I believe), who plays a small part with wonderful effect in *Our American Cousin* also. The animated and natural manner with which this lady sits listening to 'Dundreary's' rambling conversation in the last act, is a lesson to many an English actress incapable of that admirable "by-play" in which the French artists (notably poor Aimée Desclée) shewed so much superiority last season.

Yours obediently,

WALTER S. RALEIGH.

Temple Club,  
December 7, 1874.

P.S.—My letter of 7th inst. having been "crowded out" from your last number, will you kindly allow me to add a few words.

On Monday evening the 14th inst., seven or eight young gentlemen appeared in a box taken by a gentleman whose name I withhold. During the concluding part of *Our American Cousin* these gentlemen caused great annoyance to Miss Walton by persistent staring and audible remarks; and when she appeared as 'Gertrude' in the afterpiece, became so obtrusive as to interrupt her in her part, disturbing her so much that she at last burst into tears. I will give these gentlemen the benefit of the doubt and presume that they were too much affected by a recent dinner to be aware what they were doing; but if their better natures were not so "disguised" then, Mr. Editor, I am sure you will agree with me in saying that though every one of them may have the right to style himself "Honourable," their conduct was that of cads.

W. S. R.

## MUSIC HALLS.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

SIR,—As a member of that section of the public which regards with a pitiful eye the demoralising influence of certain "national" establishments upon the lower classes, I would crave a little of your space to acknowledge with thanks the review by your "Captious Critic," which appeared in the last issue of your estimable journal.

Such an exposure of the vile practices of our modern music-hall can but reflect the highest credit upon the writer, and such praise will not be deemed superfluous when it is remembered how rare such upright effusions are when relating to any popular "institutions."

A good and unexaggerated picture has he given us of that contemptible yet popular personage, the "Star Comique," that combination of indecency and vulgarity. He is indeed "our own." In vain would we cast him away! He clings persistently to us, corrupting and disgracing the country wherein he moves. But it is not the "Star Comique" alone that belongs exclusively to us, the sphere, the worthy "institutions" wherein he shines, are alike "our own." I maintain that nowhere else can be found that array of covert vice and low vulgarity which pervades the whole. The foreigner or refugee in this country has but to visit our modern metropolitan music-halls to find a depth of reckless and vagrant dissipation, unattained in his native land, and which he has never before witnessed. If he be himself dissipated, he must initiate himself anew into the deeper and vulgar revelry pervading them. If he be but a moderate representative of the carousals of his own country he will, indeed, be shocked at what greets his eyes and ears. Turn where he will he meets repulsive sights, seditious wiles to youth, to ensnare him in their vile revelry, playing fatally upon weak minds; degrading better-deserving, yet vacillating ones to their own level. These then are the worthy "national institutions" which are yearly allowed to increase and extend their polluting influence among the populace. "Institutions" for the encouragement of vice and indecency—promoters of education would do well to look into such public rivalry to their object—these are allowed to flourish in a land that boasts its religious strength and uniformity, where the press

has free liberty, and is its own dictator, with power to crush or support anything reasonably within its reach.

Well has your "Captious Critic" done in snatching the mask from these long-hidden engenders of vice, in holding them up to the contempt of all rightly-minded beings. He has aided in a public good, and benefited the cause of virtue by condemning all such scoffers and ravishers of her right. He represented a large and powerful community when he did so; and I, as one of its members, hasten to acknowledge the boon, and thank him for its timely and upright intention.

From an organ confined so much to the drama, such effusions will have due weight; and other journals would do well to follow such a noble example. Let them join in one cry to expel such vile pollutions from the land. But if these "National Establishments" have been allowed to get too firm a hold upon the multitude to be quickly extirpated,—let us, at least, transform "Star Comiques," and all such exhibitions into decency.

Contempt for such evils might well inspire an extended exposure of them, but that will be for abler pens; and apologising for having so far trespassed on your valuable space,

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

H. L., a Reluctant Visitor.

## CANOEING.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

SIR,—In your issue of the 26th inst. you publish a letter from "Pearl." This writer being so well known in the canoeing world, as the able designer and sailer of the double centre-board canoe, *Pearl*, I feel it would not be right were I to allow his criticisms on the design for *Nautilus*, No. 6, to pass unnoticed.

In the first place, your correspondent criticises the design from a sailing point of view, and thereby treats the other cruising qualities as second-rate; whereas, in a cruising canoe, all departments should be coequal. In your number for December 12th, I pointed out that a "general canoe" must have "good speed under both sail and paddle . . . must sail well with a reaching or running wind, but without any sailing contrivances which would deteriorate her paddling or portable qualities;" this I consider was going quite as far into sailing qualities as can be necessary for a travelling canoe.

Secondly, as to the floor shown in the design; "Pearl" writes, "A canoe with such a floor would be slow when drawing 5 inches of water . . . to obtain speed the length should be increased." Doubtless; but speed is not the only quality for which we have to provide, there is such an element as portability or stowability, demanding a prominent place in the design; likewise, as a second look at my article might show, I have pointed out that for a travelling canoe, the first quality, *handiness*, "will be gained by having the craft as small as possible, making due allowance for weight and size of man and stores."

If the length be increased, the size, weight, speed, and unhandiness, will be greatly augmented; but if at the same time the beam be reduced to keep the general size small, stability is lost, the draught becomes the same as in the short boat, and the craft is still more unhandy.

As to "the coincidence of the deck line with the load water line destroying the claim to great spare buoyancy," your correspondent surely is mistaken, for the amount of spare buoyancy depends chiefly on the height of freeboard and sheer.

Finally, it is suggested that, by the introduction to the design of "one or two iron centreboards, the same canoe would be a splendid sea and sailing cruiser." I am sorry to say here again I must disagree, and emphatically warn inexperienced canoeists, that neither *Nautilus*, No. 6, nor any other canoe of or under her dimensions, can ever be a "splendid sailing sea cruiser," though doubtless if ably handled she would not prove a bad one.

The notion that one canoe can do any and every kind of work, has brought many men to untimely grief, and a canoe of the design in question would, in a fresh breeze at sea, only live so long as the physical power of endurance possessed by her skipper lasted, and this must be the case with any boat or canoe specially designed for sea work.

However, as I hope at some future time to say something in regard to a sea-going design, and "coast canoeing," I will now return to the proposed centreboards. If the canoe is going to be used for river and railway travelling, have neither rudder nor centreboard; but if on the contrary she is intended for much lake and navigable river work, then by all means add a centreboard, but not *two*: the use of two is, I take it, to allow the centre portion of the canoe, where the owner sits, to be free from the obstruction of the centreboard case; therefore, one is placed well forward and the other aft.

Now this after one may be done away with and the stowage space saved, by a simple plan I intend fitting to my new racing canoe; the rudder is very deep, and when in position, the lower edge will slant away from the heel of the stern-post, and in fact, represent an after centreboard; when sailing "on a wind," the rudder being in a fore and aft position, will bring the centre of lateral resistance into the same vertical as the centre of effort of the sails; then on putting the rudder hard over to luff or come about, the centre of resistance is at once thrown well before the effort of sails. The rudder must be so hung that it can be lifted in an upward direction up the stern-post by a hand line from the well, and be dropped again by its own weight in obedience to the laws of gravitation.

I conclusion, I must thank your correspondents "Hermit" and "Pearl," even though I may differ on some minor points, for so courteously criticising my design, and thereby giving canoeists the two sides of the question.

Faithfully yours,

"NAUTILUS" R.C.C.

**VANDERDECKEN.**—It may be doubted if this horse will again be seen on the turf, as he is now advertised to be sold or "let." The price asked for him is 4000 guineas, which sum is not too much considering the value of the Saccharometer blood, and the performances of the son of Stolen Moments under heavy weights. As a three-year-old he won the Liverpool Autumn Cup with the steady impost of 7 st. 8 lb.

**LIVERPOOL SPRING MEETING.**—£1,000 will be added to the Grand National, and £500 to the Spring Cup, which has been brought forward to the first day, and in its place on the third day will be substituted the Lancastrian Handicap with £200 added. The Molyneux Cup Two-year-old Plate will be increased to £400, the Aintree Cup to £250, and £200 will be added to a new race, the British Hunt Steeple-chase of 5 sovs. each. £300 will be added to the Liverpool St. Leger to be run for at the July Meeting of 1876.

**AMONGST** the new stakes advertised for the Craven Meeting is the Newmarket International Free Handicap of 50 sovs. each, 1½ ft. and 10 only if declared, &c., with (if eight start) 200 sovs. added by the town of Newmarket, and 100 sovs. for the second from the Jockey Club, for four-year-olds and upwards which have won a public race on the flat; A.F. The weights to be published early in January, and acceptances declared by the first Tuesday in February. Fifteen subscribers or no race, and if less than eight start only half the money will be added.



## Our Captious Critic.

I FANCY everybody must be more or less captious during this season of the year. It is a long time since I have been able to take a gleeful and childlike interest in the Christmas festival. To me the exhilarating period has a most gloomy significance. Now tradesmen send in their little bills. Now the wife of my bosom insists on my giving entertainments to the relatives on both sides of the house. Now my children anticipate Christmas-boxes and new year's gifts. While my servants and the servants of Government and the vestry—individuals who are paid much more in proportion to their labours than I am—iniquitously clamour for tips. These proceedings made against my peace are naturally productive of a certain irritation. Did they indeed come singly, I fancy that I have sufficient fortitude to meet each one good-humouredly. When, however, they arrive with a sudden rush, it is impossible to avoid a certain sensation of dismay, and a fearful looking-for of imminent bankruptcy. It is with the utmost difficulty, therefore, that I prevail upon myself to say something now about the Christmas pantomimes.

Pantomimes are a most agreeable diversion. The first dramatic effort I ever saw was a pantomime. It was in a remote provincial town. At the time I was nine years of age, and had not yet arrived at the dignity of trousers. I held, at that early period of my eventful career, the post of dramatic critic to the leading Conservative organ of the town. As it was the first time that the theatre had been opened for many years, it was the first opportunity afforded to me of exercising my critical functions. The article produced by me on that occasion is still read with much interest by the Conservative inhabitants of the place. In the corner of the organ devoted to poetical affairs, I had a few verses in honour of the graces and virtues of the columbine, whose age, as I afterwards learned, exceeded my most sanguine expectations. I was at the period, be it remembered, nine years of age, a year younger than Alexander Pope, when he composed his celebrated, but overrated lines about his "own cot."

There has been this year in London a decided and increased interest shown by the London public in the Christmas entertainments at the theatre. This is well. It seemed indeed in recent years that there was some prospect of the managerial custom of producing pantomime in honour of the Christian Festival falling into disuse. The number and excellence of the works brought out at Christmas, 1874, at once dispel any such fear. I have been to half-a-dozen, and on each occasion enjoyed myself with as much abandon as if there were no such reptile as a dun in the world. I invariably take the children to Drury Lane. Being, I am proud to say, a representative Briton, I take care that the occasion shall not be made one of mere mental dissipation. Instruction and Diversion should go hand in hand. During the performance, therefore, I put to them a variety of questions suggested by the geographical and natural-historical incidents introduced. Even during the harlequinade it is possible to find subject matter for examination—after the manner of "Mangall's Questions" and "The Child's Guide to Knowledge." Thus an opportunity is evidently afforded for an enquiry into the composition of sausages, and much instruction may be given concerning the domestic and savage animals introduced. The political allusions in the dialogue, so long as they are not offensive to the leaders of my own party—a party to which of course I shall contribute my progeny—I explain not only for the edification of my own offspring but for the instruction of the offspring of less conscientious parents sitting in my immediate vicinity. This principle of imparting knowledge is at once humane and productive. It was suggested to me when I observed that our nurse never administered physic to the children *neat*, but always with a judicious admixture of something foreign and palatable. I recommend this very method of instruction to all parents who take their children to pantomimes. The people round about may object to the constant interruption, and the infants themselves may at first display symptoms of mutiny. But all vulgar prejudices are to be overcome by a little perseverance. And I fully expect that in future years the dress-circle and boxes of at least the National Theatre will be provided with such educational appliances as slates and pencils; and that, in place of the meaningless if not immoral opera-glass, our children will be provided with quadrants so that they may at any given moment ascertain the altitude of any given lady suspended in the transformation scene. My own efforts towards this reform must necessarily be limited. I therefore confidently recommend the scheme to the attention of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. This admirable institution for instance might issue for the use of excellent but forgetful parents a little card of appropriate questions to be dispersed with each bill. The card might, if desirable, be embossed and scented by Rimmel. In the case of a theatre for example producing *Aladdin*, as the National Theatre does this season, a number of very interesting questions might be proposed. For example:—

1. In what Empire is Canton situated?
2. Give some reason for the adjective Celestial, as applied to natives of China?
3. Who built the Great Wall of China?
4. Who wrote the "Heathen Chinee"?
5. Give some reasons for the theory that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced pig-tail into this country, and that he discovered it in the Celestial Empire?
6. Explain the difference and relative position of Delf and China?

These are but a few random illustrations of the appliances of a system which, if put into operation, would produce the most encouraging results in the youth of Great Britain.

So impressed have I been with the importance of the theme upon which I have been digressing that I have but a small space in which to dwell upon the reflections occasioned by my theatrical wanderings during the week which is now happily at an end. At "the Lane"—as professionals call Drury Lane Theatre—utterly oblivious of the circumstance that there are other thoroughfares than that in which the theatre yelet Drury stands—things are going briskly. Mr. Beverley's brush moves with more facility and certainty over fairy canvas, on which is to be produced no presentment against which one can allege want of local knowledge. Mr. John Cormack—lovingly called "Johnny" by those who know what a very large heart is contained in his not prodigiously extensive body—has been successful in the arduous labour of educating the heels of juvenile candidates for the ballet. Here indeed he is at home. Those gaudy historical spectacles were too much for Johnny—as they were for the public. Less accurate than Sir Walter himself was Johnny in his illustrations of the salutation which he would have us believe was practised in Damascus. But now he is, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, "on the spot." If at any future time the Crown should determine to have a Court ballet-master (and why, seeing, that like Moses, it keeps a poet, should the Crown not have one) let us hope that the laurel will be devoted to Cormack's brows, and that he may live long to wear it. Some special attention has, I imagine, been given this year to the designing of the dresses. In colour and design they are about the best things of their kind to be seen for money. The company

is sufficiently up to its business to take its place before gorgeous scenery, among elegantly attired ballet girls, without suffering by the comparison. The Vokes family is alive and kicking. The Vokes family, indeed, might be described as bearing the entire burden of the production, were it not for the large share taken in that labour by Miss Harriet Coveney, who is at once the most finished and best appreciated burlesque actress on the London stage.



In opening the Holborn Amphitheatre Mr. Hollingshead has entered on a very doubtful speculation. If anyone, however, can make the place pay, he is the man to do it. Undoubtedly, too, he has made his experiment under proper conditions. The reducing of the rate of admission—the establishment of a shilling pit—and the engagement of a company including Miss Loseby, Mr. Cotte, Mr. Hall (the American), and Mr. Lyall, are circumstances that ought to assist in attracting audiences sufficiently large to make the Amphitheatre a paying concern. Heaven forbid that I should say a word calculated to discourage efforts aiming at the higher education of the people; or that I should say anything encouraging the spread of inane words, accompanied by worthless music. At the same time it is my opinion that the music of the Amphitheatre pantomime is a trifle too good for the audience. Something more vulgar is wanted. I use "vulgar" in its primary signification, and not in its secondary and offensive meaning. It is not necessary that the stupid vulgarities of the music-halls should be introduced. But airs more familiar to a shilling pit might have been selected with a happier effect. The audiences filling the pit and gallery of a theatre during the pantomime interval demand no high art exhibitions. It is the season of sodden joints of beef and dyspeptic rounds of pudding. The demand for light Italian dishes or kickshaws from a French cook have no very great chance of exciting the enthusiasm of the Great Briton. I trust, however, that the Amphitheatre will succeed.



A Near-Sighted Critic.

I met the other day a writer who had taken the place at one of the Christmas pieces for the regular dramatic critic, on a certain weekly paper. The paper in question is extremely mild in its deliverances. Owing to the short-sightedness of the critic, it is unable ever to see in any performance the slightest approach to imbecility or indecency. It is even prepared to swear in any court of justice that the charges alleging these crimes are utterly without foundation. Now the casual gentleman, evidently acting under the popular error that a critic is a person employed to state candidly an unprejudiced opinion, and to give (if his abilities run to that) the logical stages by which he arrived at those conclusions, wrote a severe article on the particular pantomime that he had seen. His reason was the strangely insufficient one that the pantomime was bad. His notice never appeared, but instead of it a very favourable report indeed. On remonstrating with the authorities, he was told that they never wrote severely about Christmas pieces! There is a beautiful touch of Christianity about this. Truly it strikes me that the principle might be advantageously extended. Why should unfavourable criticisms be written at all? It is unkind to a multitude of individuals. It presses hard on that refined and gentlemanly class, the managers. It hurts those genial and illustrious souls, the authors. It annoys that modest and retiring class, the actors, and even affects the prospects of the poor little ballet maidens. Taking into account these things, I am fain to stop now, unwilling to say a single word that might be considered out of season.

M. SARDOU's new play, *La Haine*, produced in the beginning of last month at the Gaite, Paris, has turned out a failure, and been withdrawn after struggling through twenty-five representations.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH, after a very successful career in the provinces, makes her reappearance in London, next Saturday, as 'Mercy Merrick,' in Wilkie Collins's play of *The New Magdalen*, at the Charing Cross Theatre.

MR. ROSENTHAL, after an illness of four weeks duration, has returned to the Islington Philharmonic Theatre; and his performance of the rôle of 'Mourzouk' in *Giroflé-Girofla* is nightly received with hearty applause.

## THE LAYS OF THE DECCAN HUNT.

No. VII.

### THE HUNTER'S SONG.

We value not false woman's kiss,  
We value not the miser's bliss,  
We care not for the gourmand's joy,  
The rich ragout, or sav'ry soy;  
'Tis claret cool, and Hodgson's ale,  
'Tis the steep hill and rocky dale,  
The deep ravine, the thorny bheer,  
The Arab nag, the small sharp spear,  
The glorious burst, the savage roar,  
The madness of the madden'd boar,  
That make us value life alone:  
Nor love, nor wealth, nor despot's throne,  
Could tempt us from these joys to roam.

Let fools with women wile away  
The precious hours of youthful day,  
Let sots with drink their senses drown,  
Let bays the studious temple crown,  
Let plodding souls heap up their dross,  
And nightly dream of gains or loss:  
A boar to us is comelier far  
Than Venus in her dove-drawn car;  
The spicy bowl we only drain,  
That o'er it we may hunt again;  
If laurel leaves some temples twine,  
'Tis with many a furrow'd line:  
But give us health, and game in store,  
The savage panther, tuskied boar,  
We wish, nor hope, nor pray for more.

And some there are who pass their lives,  
Like captives chain'd, with snarling wives,  
Happy in their home-made toys,  
Great sprawling girls and blear-eyed boys.  
Some take a pleasure in their drill,  
In hot mull'd port, or devil'd grill;  
Some love to drive the mettled steed,  
Some love to smoke the loathsome weed,  
And some there are who all night long  
With hid'd howls their mirth prolong;  
Let every man his taste enjoy,  
For life, alas! flies speedily;  
But give us health and game in store,  
The savage panther, tuskied boar,  
We wish, nor hope, nor pray for more.

MRS. HOWARD PAUL AND COMPANY.—Never could the motto "A host in themselves" be more appropriately applied to any party than to this one. Not a hundred Christy minstrels, not the funniest comic singers, not the most comical clowns at Christmas pantomimes could raise such hearty and spontaneous laughter as was evoked by last evening by Mrs. Howard Paul and Mr. Walter Pelham. The lady, who ranks in one of the highest branches in her profession, is wonderfully clever, both in dramatic versatility and vocal ability. From beginning to end the Entertainment is as delightful as can well be imagined. The sketches are so humorous, the acting so capital, the facial expression so fine, and the satire, though veiled, so keen that the "gods" were moved to laughter at parts which in the hands of ordinary performers they would only have stared at. As for the stalls, their occupants were literally convulsed, and it was no wonder. The "makes up" of Mrs. Paul were wonderfully good. As the maid-of-all-work, the plaintiff in a breach of promise case, and the Irish nurse, she was amazingly good, while "The dream of the reveller" was an artistic triumph. But she outdid herself in her impersonation of Sims Reeves, who was reproduced to the life, and the introduction of the "Rose and Glove" song, from Lecocq's *Black Prince*, was beautiful. Mr. Walter Pelham cannot be overpraised. His "Boots" and "Penny Readings" were side-splitting, but the representation of the rival counsel in the great breach of promise case—"Tickell v. Poldudy"—was one of the smartest things ever seen on the stage. Miss Blanche Navarre, the pianist, contributes materially to the success of the entertainment.—*Morning News, Plymouth.*

THE USE OF SPURS.—John Howard, veterinary surgeon, of Beresford Street, Woolwich, was summoned before Mr. Balguy, at Woolwich Police Court, by Inspector Phillips, for cruelly torturing a horse. It appeared from the evidence of several witnesses that the defendant had an ill-tempered horse, which shied and jibbed, and the defendant, who was riding it, struck it repeatedly with his whip, and stuck his spurs violently into its sides, on one of which there was a patch of blood the size of a man's hand. A constable spoke to him, when defendant said that his spurs were of the regulation length, and that he could use them and laugh at the police. The horse ran back all the more for his spurring, but at length got quieter and proceeded on its way. A plain-clothes constable said that he had seen the defendant just previously in a street at the back of his forge, with the horse, which had one of its forelegs tied up. Defendant was holding it by the head, while another man beat it with a whip, to make it hop round. Mr. Pook, who appeared for the defence, contended that no more violence was used than necessary to subdue a vicious horse, and called witnesses to prove that the horse had a very bad temper. The spurs were produced, and Mr. Balguy said that the spikes of the rowels were unnecessarily long, and that most people now filed them down, while many good horsemen adopted the better plan still of having no rowels at all. Defendant said he had bought the horse from the Scots Greys, where spurs were used, and that he had been accustomed to spurs himself when in the army. Mr. Balguy said it was the practice in some regiments to file the spikes down, but there was a time when it was not thought cruel to have them two inches long. Spurs would never cure a jibbing horse, but would only make it more rebellious. The best treatment for a jibbing horse was to let it jib, and run back till it could go no further, and then it would jib forward. But the rider too often lost his temper also, and it became a fight between the man and the horse. The horse could not say to the man, "What a fool you are for spurring me," and the man could not see that he was only irritating the horse still more, and so they never came to an understanding. He thought that defendant had lost his temper, and must fine him 20s. and costs.

MORPETH RACES.—At a meeting of the Morpeth race committee on Tuesday evening, Mr. William Hall in the chair, it was resolved to erect a permanent Grand Stand upon Morpeth Common, at a cost of £500. £300 worth of shares were taken up at the meeting, and the remainder will be subscribed for in a very short time. The work will be commenced forthwith.

ELTHAM, 1875.—Eltham Spring Meeting will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday, February 2 and 3; and Eltham Summer on Whit-Monday and Tuesday, May 17 and 18. Mr. T. Lawley is clerk of the course.



## Reviews.

*Ismailia. A Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, organized by Ismail, Khedive of Egypt.* By Sir Samuel W. Baker, Pacha, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., &c. 2 vols. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1874.) The Khedive's real object in sending a strong and well-equipped expedition to the lake districts of Central Africa was unquestionably to make a *reconnaissance en force* of the country, and prepare the way for the ultimate annexation to Egypt of the whole Nile Basin; and in order to cloak his design, and throw dust in the eyes of his somewhat jealous suzerain, who might not approve of this aggrandizement of his territorial dominions, the command of the party was given to an Englishman—an explorer and sportsman of world-wide reputation—and his mission was ostensibly represented as an effort to suppress slavery.

Now, inasmuch as slavery has for 1,200 years—or since the promulgation of Islamism—been an acknowledged institution throughout all the peoples and tribes of Africa north of the equator—not even excepting the settlements that have been under British rule for nearly two centuries—it would be strange indeed if a Moslem ruler were really to attempt to put it down. It is well known that both in Turkey and Egypt public opinion is entirely opposed to the suppression of domestic slavery, which if not secretly encouraged is at any rate tacitly allowed by the authorities. In both countries there is scarcely a Mahomedan who is well to do, and has a house of his own, that does not also possess both male and female slaves, which, in nine cases out of ten, are as well treated as the rest of his family; and, again, in both countries slaves have often risen to the highest offices of the state. Scores of deserving officers in both the Turkish and Egyptian military and naval service have in their youth been the domestic slaves and favourite personal attendants of some Pacha or another, whose interest has caused their advancement. It is quite certain that in the East domestic slavery is coeval with Islamism, and such being the case, is it reasonable to suppose that any Mahomedan ruler dare really enforce an obnoxious reform that would carry dissatisfaction into every household of Islam, and spread disaffection throughout the country? The Khedive is wise in his generation; therefore he selected a leader of great energy, tried courage, and undaunted determination, to be the leader of the expedition that should force its way to the heart of the White Nile district; whilst at the same time he rendered all his attempts to suppress slavery nugatory and futile by not compelling the government authorities in the Soudan to second his exertions by breaking up the very hot-bed and headquarters of slavery at Khartoum, the slave dealers of which place were known to have some 15,000 Arabs and scoundrels of all denominations in their pay, armed with muskets and organised after a rude military fashion, whose sole occupation was slave-hunting and free-booting, for which right they paid a large annual tribute, besides heavy black mail to the leading officials, who one and all were in league with them, and countenanced their doings. Sir Samuel, after encountering all kinds of adventures, completed the *reconnaissance*, and annexed the territory *vi et armis*, but he laid no axe to the root of slavery, and in reality did little or nothing to put an end to the hateful traffic, as may be judged from the fact that on his way back to Cairo he overtook several vessels laden with hundreds of slaves. Readers of "Ismailia" cannot fail to believe that, as far as the Egyptian Government was concerned, the annexation of an immense territory (under British auspices) was the sole aim of the expedition; for one of the principal slave dealers of the Soudan, Abou Saoud, a scoundrel of the deepest dye, who had incited the troops to mutiny, stirred up the natives to rebellion, and constantly thwarted Sir Samuel at every turn, instead of being hanged, as he deserved to be, by the authorities at Cairo, was appointed second in command to Colonel Gordon, his successor, perhaps to play the same rôle.

If the Khedive wishes to abolish slavery, his first step should be to put it down with a high hand at Cairo, and make it a capital crime to import slaves into Egypt proper. This done, the slave mart would be closed, and the demand having ceased, the slave

hunters of the far interior would find their occupation unprofitable, and the traffic would die a natural death. The loss of human life attendant upon the capture, treatment, and driving of slaves can scarcely be estimated. Sir Samuel says, "It is impossible to know the actual number of slaves taken from Central Africa annually; but I should imagine that at least 50,000 are positively either captured and held in the various *zarec bas* or camps, or are sent via the White Nile and the various routes overland by Darfur and Kordofan." All this horrible traffic would cease if Stamboul and Cairo would close their marts; but to dream of stopping it by a hostile and annexing expedition into the far interior is simply a delu-

result, for in the end Sir Samuel and the few troops he had left with him had to make a precipitate retreat, abandoning cattle and baggage.

Although it does not appear that Sir Samuel made any additional geographical discoveries in this second expedition, he was enabled to confirm his former observations, and his vivid narrative of the journey, and the numerous thrilling encounters he had, both with men and beasts, make his book most interesting. After carefully perusing its pages, although we cannot but admire the resolute pluck of the leader of the expedition under many trying circumstances, yet the brilliant courage and cool fore-

thought of Lady Baker shews pre-eminently, as in the most critical moments she never lost her presence of mind, whilst her counsel was always valuable. Rarely indeed has such a man such a devoted wife. When we first took up this volume it was neither our intention to enter into any barren discussions on the suppression of slavery, nor on any supposititious geographical theory; but simply to record the doings of Sir Samuel Baker as a sportsman and a hunter of large game; and whilst we present our readers with illustrations taken from his sketches, we shall at the same time quote the incidents as they are described in the author's own language. Our first engraving represents a chance *rencontre* with a crocodile under the following circumstances:

"March 21st. Yesterday, as the men were digging out the steamers, which had become blocked by the floating rafts, they felt something struggling beneath their feet. They immediately scrambled away to avoid the large head of a crocodile that broke its way through the tangled mass, into which it had been jammed and held prisoner by the rafts. The black soldiers armed with swords and bill-

hooks immediately attacked the crocodile, who although freed from imprisonment, had not exactly fallen into the hands of the Royal Humane Society. He was quickly despatched, and that evening his flesh gladdened the cooking pots of the Soudain regiment. I was amused with the account of this adventure given by various officers who were eye-witnesses. One stated in reply to my question as to the length of the animal—'Well, sir, I should not like to exaggerate, but I should say it was forty-five feet long from snout to tail.' Another witness declared it to be at least twenty feet; but by rigid cross-examination I came to the conclusion that it did not exceed ten feet."

The crocodiles of the Nile in the neighbourhood of Gondokoro were extremely ferocious, for our author thus writes: "As the natives were so much in the habit of swimming to and fro with their cattle, those wily creatures had been always accustomed to claim a toll in the shape of a cow, calf, or nigger. Two of Abou Saoud's sailors were carried off on two consecutive days. One of my soldiers while engaged with many others in the water, only hip deep, was seized by a crocodile. The man being held by the leg below the knee, made a good fight, and thrust his fingers into the creature's eyes; his comrades at the same time assisted and rescued him from absolute destruction, but the leg-bone was so smashed and splintered in many places that he was obliged to submit to amputation." One of his sailors also had a narrow escape. He and many others were engaged in collecting the leaves of a species of water convolvulus that make an excellent spinach, when, as he was stooping from the bank to gather the floating leaves, he was suddenly seized by the arm at the elbow joint. His friends immediately caught him round the waist, and their united efforts pre-

vented him being dragged into the water. "The crocodile, having tasted blood, would not quit its hold, but tugged and wrenched the arm completely off at the elbow joint and went off with his prize. The unfortunate man, in excruciating agony, was brought to the camp, where it was necessary to amputate another piece slightly above the lacerated joint."

Our second and third illustrations represent an exciting incident that occurred whilst our author and his party were *en voyage* to Gondokoro, when they were visited by a troop of bull elephants, and the *rencontre* is thus graphically described:—

"On the 13th November, at sunrise, Lieut. Baker started with troops to convey corn from a distant village. I was sitting on the poop deck of the *diahbeak* enjoying a pipe and a cup of coffee, when he suddenly galloped back with the news that a herd of bull elephants was approaching from the west. I was



CROCODILE MOBBED IN THE SUDD.

sion and a snare. When Sir Samuel Baker started he was evidently unaware of the difficulties that would be thrown in his way by those from whom he would naturally have expected co-operation and assistance; and by the apathetic inertness of the executive during the Khedive's absence the vessels were so delayed that, by the time they had reached the second cataract, the Nile had fallen too much for their passage. "Thus twelve months were wasted, and he was at once deprived of the invaluable aid of six steamers," and when he arrived at Khartoum he found that no vessels were ready for him. By dint of great exertion the governor and he managed to get together thirty-three vessels of fifty or sixty tons each, and

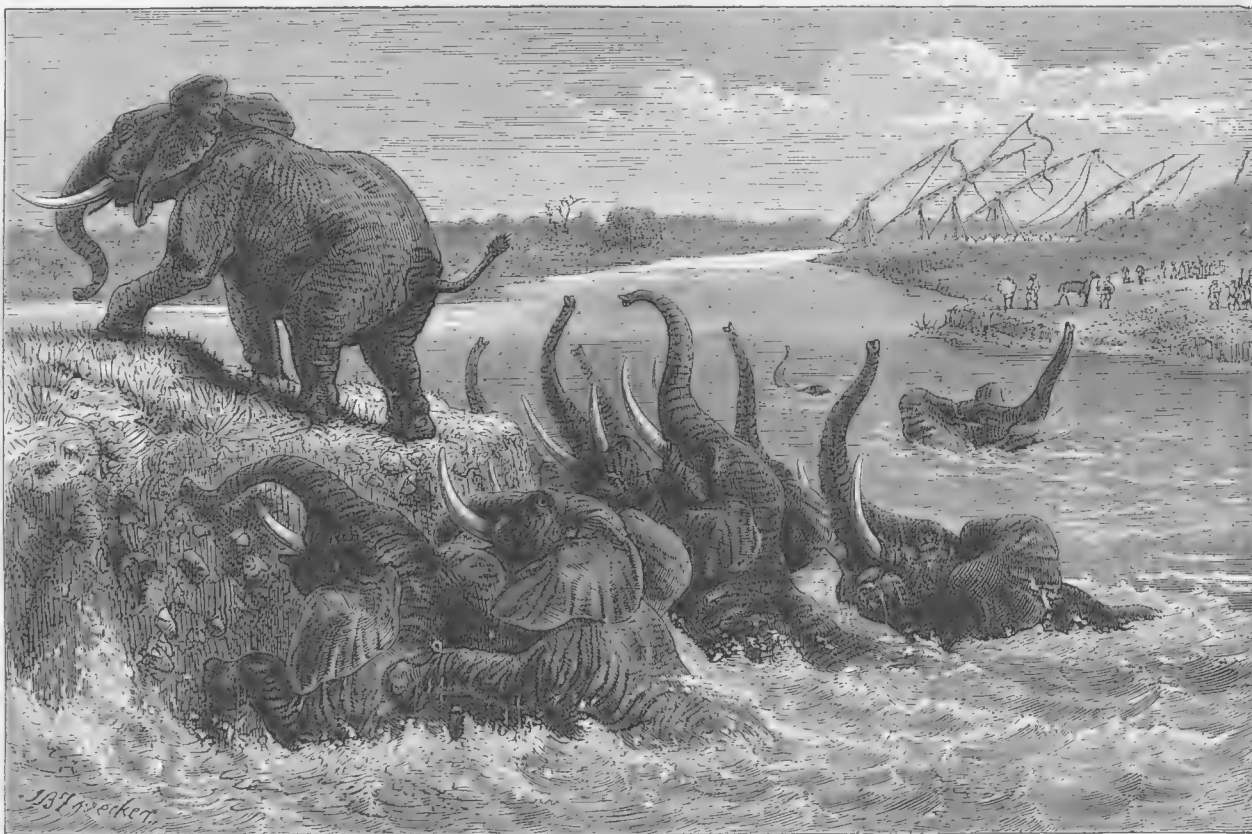
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ELEPHANTS IN A DIFFICULTY.

on the 8th February, 1870, they got under weigh, though without a single transport animal. During their voyage of 1,450 miles to Gondokoro they met with great natural difficulties, having literally to cut their way through a boundless sea of high grass, resembling sugar canes, and the water becoming shallow for further navigation, they were obliged to halt for weeks and months together, and did not arrive at Gondokoro until the 15th April, 1871, or rather fourteen months after leaving Khartoum. At this place, which Sir Samuel re-christened to Ismailia, after the Khedive, the obstructions offered by natural causes became less, whilst the difficulties with the slave-hunters and the natives commenced; for, in marching southward, towards the White Nile discovered by Speke in August, 1862 (which connects the Albert Nyanza with the Victoria Nyanza), constant desultory skirmishing took place, apparently without any satisfactory



not prepared for elephant shooting, and I recommended him to return to the troops, who would otherwise waste their time. I had no suspicion that elephants would approach our position after having been disturbed by the soldiers in a country that was perfectly open. Lieut. Baker cantered back to his men, while I commenced to write up my journal according to my daily custom.

"In about a quarter of an hour the sentry reported a herd of elephants. All my people clambered up upon the googoes and huts to obtain a good view of the herd, which, from the high poop deck of the *diahbeeah* we could see distinctly.

"They were eleven bulls, and they were marching in close order along the bank of the river, approaching us at about 400 yards distance. I should have thought it almost as likely to meet a herd of elephants in Hyde Park as to find them in that open and thickly populated country. I now distinguished natives along the distant heights, all of whom were attracted by the uncommon occurrence.

"In the meantime the elephants approached, swinging their trunks and huge ears to and fro, apparently unconscious of the presence of the vessels and the people. Seeing that the elephants were so near I at once ordered my horse 'Greedy Grey' to be saddled, and the rifles and ammunition to be sent after me.

"There was no time to lose, as I expected that should the elephants observe our vessels and the troops in their scarlet uniforms they would immediately wheel round and be off at the pace which an African elephant knows so well how to use. I quickly mounted 'Greedy Grey,' and told Suleiman to send on my rifles directly with ammunition.

"I ordered my men to run up the heights, and to come down at about 200 paces in the rear of the elephants, where they were to form a line, as though in skirmishing order. This line of red shirts would most probably check the elephants from rushing back. My men had orders to fire at the elephants, and to endeavour to turn them should they attempt a retreat.

"I was now on 'Greedy Grey,' the sloping ground was as clean as a race-course, I therefore galloped up the slope, so as to keep above the elephants. The horse flew along at full speed. At this moment a chorus of shouts from great numbers of natives who had collected on the east bank of the river, was raised in admiration of the white horse, which they probably thought would in some manner seize the elephants.

"In a few seconds I reined up on the slope, about a hundred yards above the herd, which had now halted close to the river's bank. They regarded the horse with some curiosity and massed themselves together.

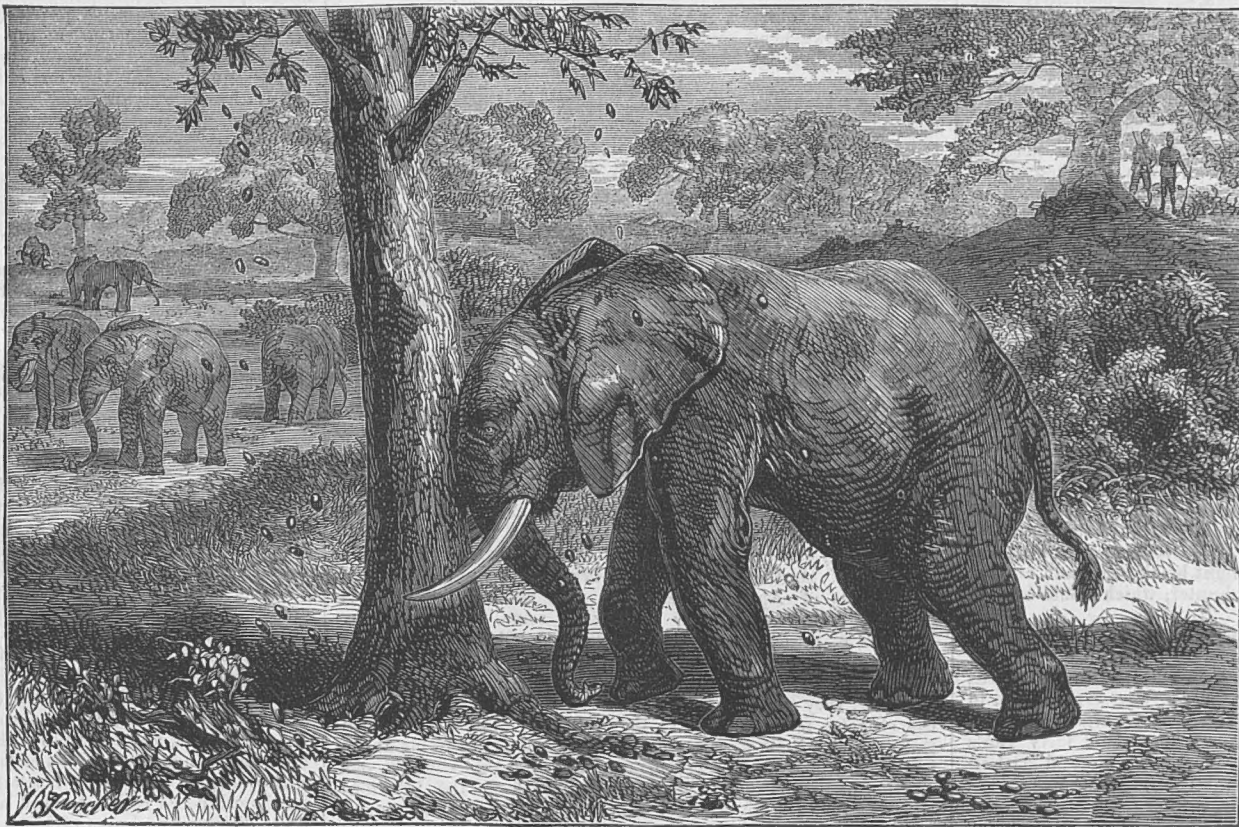
"In the meantime my 'Forty,' who were capital runners, were moving rapidly along the heights, and formed in a long open line from the edge of the river up the slope. During this operation the elephants only moved their ears and trunks, but remained in the same position. They were now completely surrounded; the *diahbeeah* and my people were in their front, I was above them on one flank, and the servants were coming up with the rifles. In their rear was a line of about twenty soldiers, and on the other flank was the deep river, about 110 yards wide from the mainland to the island.

"Just as the rifles were within a few yards of me, and I was preparing to dismount, the elephants wheeled suddenly round, and took to water. They had been standing in a low swampy spot that was frequently overflowed; thus they had no difficulty in descending to the river. Close to this place the banks were perpendicular, and hard as brick.

"I ran down to the river, but by the time of my arrival the elephants had gained the opposite bank; there, however, they were in a difficulty. The water was deep, and the shore of the island was perpendicular, and about six feet above the water. They could not get out without breaking down the bank, so as to form an incline. Already these enormous creatures, which are accustomed to such difficulties, were tearing down the earth with their tusks and horny-toed feet; still it was a work of time that gave me a good opportunity.

"It was difficult to obtain a shot, as the elephants were end on. The distance was about 110 yards, which is very uncertain for so large an animal, which must be struck exactly in the right place. I fired several shots with the No. 8 breechloader, aimed

at the back of their heads, but none of these were successful. Monsoor had the ammunition, and reloaded for me. The stunning effect of the heavy metal confused the animals, and caused one to fall backward into the scrambling herd. This turned an elephant sideways. The bank had already given way, and had fallen in large masses into the water, which reduced the depth. The elephants, which had now gained a muddy footing, ploughed and tore down the yielding earth with redoubled vigour, as my men, in great excitement, opened a hot fire upon them with the Snider rifles. These had about as much effect as though they had been pelted with stones.



A BULL ELEPHANT SHAKES DOWN THE FRUIT.

"Presently, as the depth was lessened by the falling bank, the elephants showed more body above the surface. The splashing and scrambling was extraordinary. At length a large bull ascended the bank, and for a moment exposed his flank; I fired a quick right and left behind his shoulder, and he fell backwards into the river, where he commenced a series of wild struggles that brought him within twenty yards of me, and I sent a ball into his head, which killed him. The powerful stream at once carried away the floating carcass.

"The bank had now completely given way, and an elephant was nearly on the summit. I fired at him with one of the Holland

loaders, and no powder-flask or shells for the half-pounder. I had now the annoyance of witnessing the difficult ascent of the elephants in single file, exposing their flanks in succession to the shoulder shot, whilst I remained a helpless looker on.

"I had thus bagged only two out of eleven, but these were killed at very long shots (about 110 yards)."

Upon another occasion our author's party was surprised by elephants visiting his camp at Gondokoro, where, at certain seasons, they appear to be very numerous, and he thus describes the *rencontre*:

"During my absence to the south of Regiâf there had been a curious nocturnal alarm in the station. Upon a fine moonlight night the sentries were astonished by the appearance of two immense bull elephants that, having marched along the cliff, took the fort in the rear on the river side. The fort was a redan, open at the river base; thus, unheeding the sentry, the elephants coolly walked into the centre. The sentry's musket was immediately responded to by the guard; the buglers, startled by a sharp fire of musketry, blew the alarm.

"The elephants now alarmed in their turn, rushed onwards, but upon ascending the earth-work they were met by a deep yawning ditch which they could not cross. The whole force turned out, and the attack on the thick-skinned intruders became general. The bullets flew so wildly that it was more dangerous for bystanders than for the elephants.

"In the meanwhile the panic-stricken animals charged wildly in all directions, but were invariably stopped by the ditch and rampart; until at last they happened to find the right direction, and retreated by the original entrance, most probably not much the worse for the adventure.

Mr. Higginbotham, who gave me this account, described the excitement of the troops as so intense that they let their muskets off completely at random, and so thick were the bullets in his direction that he was obliged to take shelter behind a white-ant hill.

"I had no time to devote to elephant-shooting, otherwise I might have killed a considerable number in the neighbourhood of Gondokoro. The Baris are not good hunters, and they merely catch the elephant in pit-falls; therefore, being free from attack, these animals are exceedingly daring, and are easy to approach. They are generally attracted by the ripe labes,

the fruit of the Héglik (*Balanites Egyptiaca*). The trees of medium size are frequently torn down for the sake of this small production, that would appear too insignificant for the notice of so huge an animal.

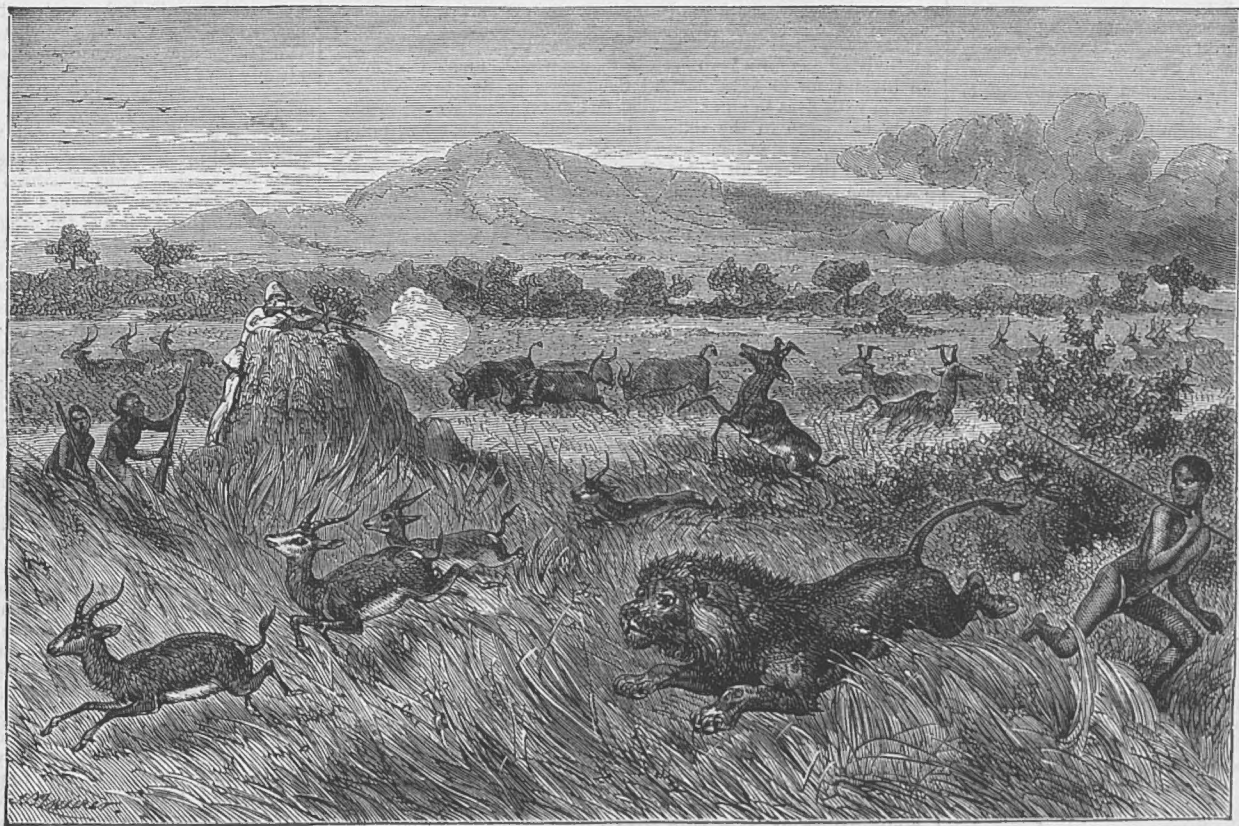
"I once had an opportunity of witnessing an elephant's strength exerted in his search for this small fruit. I was in the Shir-country, and one evening, accompanied by Lieut. Baker, I strolled into the forest about half-a-mile from our vessels to watch for water-buck in a small glade where I had shot one the previous evening.

"We had not been long concealed when I heard a peculiar sound in the thick forest that denoted the approach of elephants.

"We at once retreated to some rising ground about 150 paces distant, as our small rifles would have been useless against such heavy game. In a short time several elephants appeared from various portions of the covert, and one of extraordinary size moved slowly towards us until he halted beneath a tall spreading héglik. This tree must have been nearly three feet in diameter, and was about thirty feet high from the ground to the

first branch; it was therefore impossible for the elephant to gather the coveted fruit. To root up such a tree would have been out of the question. The elephant paused for a short time, as though considering; he then butted his forehead suddenly against the trunk. I could not have believed the effect; this large tree, which was equal in appearance to the average size of park timber, quivered in every branch to such a degree that had a person taken refuge from an elephant and thought himself secure in the top, he would have found it difficult to hold on. When the labes fall they must be picked up individually; and although the trouble appears disproportioned to the value of the fruit, there is no food so much coveted by elephants."

The fourth illustration represents a drive of wild animals, by firing a prairie and the author thus describes that system of slaughtering game wholesale:—"At length the day of the hunt



DRIVING THE PRAIRIE WITH FIRE.

half-pounders, which by the recoil flew out of my hands for a distance of several yards; this was loaded with twelve drachms of fine grain powder. The elephant fell on his knees on the steep incline, and was bagged to all intents and purposes, but believing that I had plenty of ammunition at hand I fired another half-pounder into his shoulder, which killed him on the spot, and he rolled into the water, and the current took him away.

"I immediately sent a man to order boats with ropes and axes to follow the carcass. In the meantime I fired my last No. 8 into the shoulder of an elephant that had just climbed the bank and gained the island. I now had a glorious opportunity of a shoulder shot at every animal as it should ascend the steep incline.

"My ammunition was exhausted! My servant Suleiman had sent the little bag that contained only one reload for the breech-



had arrived, when several thousand people would collect at a certain rendezvous about nine miles distant from Fatiko on the Fabbio Road, which is the best neighbourhood for game. At a little before 5 A.M. I started on my solitary but powerful horse "Jamoos" accompanied by Lieut. Baker and Colonel Abd-el-Kadir, with a few soldiers of "the Forty." Descending the rocky terrace from the station at Fatiko, we were at once in the lovely park-like glades, diversified by bold granite rocks, among which were scattered the graceful acacias in clumps of dense foliage. Crossing the clear rippling stream, we clambered up the steep bank on the opposite side, and, after a ride of about a mile and a half we gained the watershed, and commenced a gradual descent towards the west. We were now joined by numerous people, both men, women, and children, all of whom were bent upon the hunt. As we proceeded the numbers of natives increased, but there was no noise or loud talking. Every one appeared to understand his duties.

"Having crossed the beautiful Un-y-Amé river, we entered the game country. Extensive prairies, devoid of forest, now stretched before us in graceful undulations to the base of distant mountains. A line of a mile and a half was quickly protected with netting, and the natives were already in position. Each man had lashed his net to that of his neighbour, and supported it with bamboos, which were secured with ropes fastened to twisted grass. Thus the entire net resembled a fence, that would be invisible to the game in the high grass, until when driven, they should burst suddenly upon it. The grass was as dry as straw, and several thousand acres would be fired up to windward, which would compel the animals to run before the flames until they reached the netting placed a few paces in front, where the high grass had been purposely cleared to resist the advance of the fire. Before each section of net a man was concealed both within and without, behind a screen, simply formed of the long grass bound together at the top.

"The rule of sport decided that the proprietor of each section of netting of twelve yards in length would be entitled to all game that should be killed within these limits; but that owners of the manors which formed the hunt upon that day should receive a hind leg from every animal captured. This was fair play; but in such hunts a breach of the peace was of common occurrence, as a large animal might charge the net and receive a spear from the owner of a section, after which he might break back, and eventually be killed in the net of another hunter, which would cause a hot dispute.

"The nets having been arranged with perfect stillness, and the men having concealed themselves, we were placed in positions on the extreme flanks, with the rifles. Rifle shooting was dangerous work, as the country was alive with people, who were hidden in every direction. I took my position behind a white-ant hill, in front of a stream which rippled in a hollow about forty yards beneath me. Mr. Baker was away on my right, and Abd-el-Kadir was upon the extreme right flank. Everything was ready; the men had already been stationed at regular intervals about two miles to windward, where they waited with their fire-sticks, ready for the appointed signal.

"A shrill whistle disturbed the silence. This signal was repeated at intervals to windward. In a few minutes after the signal a long line of separate thin pillars of smoke ascended into the blue sky, forming a band extending over above two miles of the horizon. The thin pillars rapidly thickened, and became dense volumes, until at length they united and formed a long black cloud of smoke that drifted before the wind over the bright yellow surface of the high grass.

"The natives were so thoroughly concealed that no one would have supposed that a human being besides ourselves was in the neighbourhood. I had stuck a few twigs into the top of the ant-hill to hide my cap; and, having cut out a slip in the side for my feet at the required height, I waited in patience. The wind was brisk, and the fire travelled at about four miles an hour. We could hear the distant roar as the great volume of flame shot high through the centre of the smoke. The natives had also lighted the fire a few hundred yards in our rear.

"Presently I saw a slate-coloured mass trotting along the face of the opposite slope, about 250 yards distant. I quickly made out a rhinoceros, and I was in hopes he was coming towards me. Suddenly he turned to my right and continued along the face of the inclination.

"Some of the beautiful leucotis antelope now appeared and cantered towards me, but halted when they approached the stream and listened. The game understood the hunting as well as the natives. In the same manner that the young children went out to hunt with their parents, so had the wild animals been hunted together with their parents ever since their birth. The leucotis now charged across the stream, at the same time a herd of harte beest dashed past. I knocked over one, and with the left-hand bullet I wounded a leucotis. At this moment a lion and lioness, that had been disturbed by the fire in our rear, came bounding along close to where Molodi had been concealed with the luncheon. Away went Molodi at a tremendous pace, and he came rushing past me as though the lions were chasing him; but they were endeavouring to escape themselves, and had no idea of attacking.

"I was just going to take the inviting shot when, as my finger was on the trigger, I saw the head of a native rise out of the grass exactly in the line of fire; then another popped up from a native who had been concealed, and rather than risk an accident I allowed the lion to pass. In one magnificent bound it cleared the stream and disappeared in the high grass.

"The fire was advancing rapidly, and the game was coming up fast. A small herd of leucotis crossed the brook, and I killed another; but the smoke had become so thick that I was nearly blinded. It was at length impossible to see; the roar of the fire and the heat were terrific, as the blast swept before the advancing flames, and filled the air and eyes with fine black ashes. I had literally to turn and run hard into fresher atmosphere to get a gasp of cool air and to wipe my streaming eyes. Just as I emerged from the smoke, a leucotis came past and received both the right and left bullets in a good place before it fell. The fire reached the stream and at once expired. The wind swept the smoke on before, and left in view the velvety black surface, that had been completely denuded by the flames.

"The natives had killed many antelopes, but the rhinoceros had gone through their nets like a cobweb. Several buffaloes had been seen, but they had broken out in a different direction. Lieut. Baker had killed three leucotis, Abd-el-Kadir had killed one, and hit a native in the leg with a bullet while aiming at a galloping antelope. I had killed five. I doctored the native and gave him some milk to drink, and his friends carried him home. This was a very unfortunate accident, and from that day the natives gave Abd-el-Kadir a wide berth. Most of the women were heavily laden with meat; the nets were quickly gathered up, and, with whistles blowing as a rejoicing, the natives returned homewards.

We may without fear of contradiction affirm that there has been no book, upon this part of Central Africa since the days of Burton and Speke, that bears such evidence of truth as this famous sportsman's narrative; which will please all tastes, as it has the rare merit of never wearying the reader for an instant.

In conclusion, we may state that the narrative is most interesting

from first to last, and although the author evidently has that profound contempt of the negro character that every other unbiased traveller has who has lived amongst them, still he gives many vivid sketches of savage life. The volumes are exceedingly well illustrated throughout, and their general get up reflects great credit on their publisher. Our chief regret on closing the book is that an expedition that cost such a large amount of capital should have accomplished so little real good. Egypt has nominally acquired a considerable addition to her territory, but the late hostile demonstrations have effectually closed the Valley of the Nile to future explorers unless they are accompanied by a small army.

*Wild Life in Florida, with a Visit to Cuba.* By Captain F. Trench Townshend, Second Life Guards. (Hurst and Blackett, Great Marlborough Street).

MANY Englishmen now visit Florida in the winter, both in search of health and for the sake of sport and adventure, and to these Captain Townshend's narrative will prove most useful as it is by far the most accurate and interesting description of this State that has yet appeared. What Southern France and Italy are to Europe, Florida is now becoming to the more northern States of America, i.e., a refuge for those whose state of health compels them to seek a more genial climate; that of Florida being considered preferable to any other portion of northern America for those suffering from pulmonary diseases.

Our author informs us that "to Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Pilatka, and the numerous hotels along the banks of the lower St. John river, tens of thousands of visitors flock from the northern and southern States every winter, arriving in November and departing in March." The climate of Florida is decidedly *hot and tropical*, as it has the same latitude as the Sahara, Arabia, Northern Hindostan, and Burmah; but the heat is more or less tempered by constant sea breezes, and from the dampness of the climate, the annual rainfall averaging sixty inches. "The wet season commences in April, or May, with almost daily thunderstorms, the regular rains setting in late in June, and lasting until September, at which time the greater part of the peninsula is under water, and the climate is debilitating in the extreme and unhealthy. During the winter, or dry season, from October to the middle of April, scarcely any rain falls, the climate is glorious, and exceptionally healthy in some favoured spots. Diseases, of miasmatic origin, are prevalent all the year round, such as dysentery and fever; but are more severe in the middle parts of the State than on the sea coast, where, between October and May, they are comparatively rare. So charming did we find the climate, from January to the middle of March, that when things went a little wrong, and we felt inclined to grumble at the hardships which are inseparable from life in a wild country, one or other of us was sure to make some remark on the 'glorious climate,' and the thought of the hardships would fade away before the sense of what a pleasure life was under a cloudless sky, and amid such beautiful vegetation. After the middle of March, the heat became too great in Southern Florida to hunt or exert ourselves after sunrise, but up to that time the climate was simply perfection."

Although the vegetation of Florida is very luxuriant, as it is in all damp tropical climates, it is cursed with all the plagues of Egypt, which are thus described by our author:—"The greatest drawback to personal comfort when camping out in Florida, undoubtedly are the mosquitoes, besides which plagues there are sand-flies, horse-flies, blue-flies, fleas, ticks, tarantulas, scorpions, centipedes, rattle-snakes, and moccasin snakes in incredible numbers. Although in the excitement of the chase we thought but little of danger, still the whirr of the rattle-snake would sometimes send a shudder through us, when heard, as we forced our way through a dense covert; and a rustle among the dry palmetto leaves outside our tents, at nights, would cause a thrill of fear to mingle with the silent curses which were wont to greet the sharp buzz of the first intruding mosquito."

Our author's description of social life in Florida, is certainly not an inviting one for a man even in robust health, much less so to an invalid, for he says:—"All the houses in Southern Florida swarm with fleas to an extent that makes existence almost intolerable, and sleep to the sufferer impossible. Cockroaches, tarantulas, ants, and other 'bugs' were nearly as numerous in the houses as the fleas, all of which plagues might be got rid of by a daily use of soap and water." His description of "home comforts," and the "general living," are by no means encouraging to tourists, or such as we should like to have to put up with for any length of time, as he says:—"The only meal ever seen at table, except what our guns provided, was tough bacon, which was served thrice a day, at breakfast, dinner, and supper. This, with a large dish of hominy, with grease poured over it, was actually the only food procurable, or thought necessary in the comparatively wealthy and very numerous household of the Doctor, and yet it was only one long day's journey to the stores at Manatee, where all the necessities, and some even of the luxuries of life, could be procured. Throughout the country, however, we found that such formed the daily and only fare of the settlers, whilst their drink was water, or coffee, often without sugar or milk. If the fare was scanty, the grace was long, its length being in inverse proportion, and frequently amounting to that of a prayer of considerably longer duration than the dinner."

Florida, although not the paradise that it has been painted by some writers, and certainly not to be compared as a sanitarium with Madeira, Nice, Monaco, Naples, Algiers, or even Torquay, or Shanklin, is still an interesting country for a tourist who is in sound health, and does not mind hard fare. To the sportsman, it also offers certain inducements, although large game is scarce and difficult to get at. Our author, who is evidently an ardent and practical sportsman, says:—"In all these countries the hammocks are still almost impenetrable jungles, the haunt of wild beasts, reptiles, insects, and innumerable birds, some of brilliant plumage and beautiful song, while the rivers and estuaries teem with fish, which fall a far easier prey to the sportsman than do the large game. Without dogs with good nose and high courage it is useless to attempt to hunt bear, boar, wolf, puma, or other big game; as, when pursued, they immediately retreat to these impenetrable jungles, whence it is impossible to dislodge them. Again, when stalking, or 'still hunting,' game in thick grass, or palmetto, the snakes are a dreadful curse. It is absolutely necessary to keep, with one eye at least, a sharp look out on the ground, which interferes sadly with the watchful observance of the game, so necessary to success. The sound of the rattle, too, of the deadly and unseen enemy, always sent a cold shiver through me, when the covert was too thick to see whence the warning sound proceeded. Though long boots, or thick leather gaiters, are a great protection against the smaller snakes, those of large size, with teeth half an inch in length, can strike through almost any leather; or, as snakes can spring their own length, can reach above the protected part."

The alligators are almost as great a pest to this country as the snakes, vermin, and mosquitos, for our author appears constantly to have come across them in his sporting excursions. Their in-

credible number may be imagined by the following description:—"The pools left by the overflow of the lake we found swarming with alligators; in one not fifty yards in diameter I counted thirty-five of these hideous reptiles, ranging from eight to twenty feet in length. It made us at first rather nervous, when wading after duck through water and mud up to our waists, to know that the next step might be on the back of an alligator lying buried in the mud, with the probable result of losing one or both legs, but impunity from such accidents quickly made us bolder."

On one occasion whilst fishing in the Myakka river our author had an adventure with one of these hideous reptiles, which is worth recording, as it shows the deadly effect of a charge of buck-shot when delivered at close quarters even against the scaly alligator. "I rigged up a fishing rod, and using the small green tree frogs as bait, quickly provided an abundance of excellent fish for dinner. The moment the line was thrown into the water I hooked and landed a black bass, called in Florida, trout, of seven pounds weight, then one of three pounds, and a flattish fish called a perch weighing nearly four pounds. As I was scaling and cleaning these by the water's edge, I observed the huge head and wicked eyes of an alligator, silently and rapidly swimming towards me, attracted by the fish scales on the water. Quickly grasping my gun which lay beside me on the bank, I imitated the grunting of a pig, till the alligator had fearlessly approached within six yards of me; then, jumping up, I gave him both barrels "squarely" in the face; when, blinded with pain and rage, he lashed the water furiously with his tail, and charged straight at the spot where I stood. I lost no time in making tracks, and scrambled up the river bank in a hurry; but the alligator striking his head violently against the rock on which I stood, dived and reappeared on the opposite side of the river, where he crawled out on a mud bank, and, turning on his side, in a few minutes, lay dead; the large shot with which my gun was loaded, in anticipation of meeting turkeys, having penetrated both eyes into the brain, had killed this twenty foot alligator as effectually as a rifle-bullet."

Captain Townshend gives the following vivid description of a canoe voyage on the Myakka river:—"When fully laden, our canoe drew just five inches, the gunwale being four inches above water. Our guide, Murray, paddled and steered in the stern, I paddled in the bows, and Mansfield sat in the centre on a heap of luggage. Rapidly and smoothly we glided over the dark surface of the lovely river, which gradually widened as we descended. Hundreds of alligators watched us with startled eyes, slowly and silently sinking out of sight a few feet from our bows; water turkeys or snake birds uttered a shrill cry as they flew away from every overhanging tree; and kingfishers darted hither and thither apparently bewildered by the strange sight of a canoe full of men. Beautiful ferns, and tall lilies with large white crimson or purple blossoms, fringed the water's edge; while the bank was overhung with a tangled mass of the densest tropical vegetation. On either hand swamp and rushes reached back to the pine woods some two miles distant, and banks of black mud and sand extended from the rushes into the creek swarming with alligators in incredible numbers. When obliged by the shallowness of the water to pass close to some of these banks, we were several times in great danger of being upset by these monsters. They would disdain to notice us until we were a few feet from them, when half-a-dozen would plunge into the water right under our canoe, striking the bottom violently with their scaly backs, and sending a shower of mud and water over us. Being from fifteen to twenty feet in length, they could have crushed our canoe with one scrunch of their powerful jaws; and were these creatures not as cowardly as they are formidable in appearance; we, the first white men ever known to have ascended Slough Creek in a boat, should not have lived to tell the tale of our adventures."

The number of these scaly monsters in these regions is almost incredible, for they swarm in thousands in the swamps and rivers. Our author says:—"I have no doubt but that we could have easily killed five hundred in a day, had we so chosen; but as we could not eat them, and had no time to bury the carcass in order to extract the teeth when rotten, we did not care to shoot them." Our author also confirms the account that several travellers have already given of "the bellowing of alligators," which certain stay-at-home naturalists have declared to be imaginary, for he says:—"About midnight we were roused up by the most powerful bellowing from the river's bank a few yards from our tents, and I had just seized my revolver, expecting an attack from some unknown wild beast, when I was reassured by the voice of my sick companion, saying he 'reckoned it was only the 'gators.' I never before heard the voice of the alligator, and was much surprised to find the animal could give out such loud and formidable sounds. As we had pitched our tents between the river and a pool full of small alligators, we concluded that the parents were anxious to visit their offspring in the pool, but were too much afraid of our tents to cross the intervening land, so they lay on the river bank bellowing. Whatever the cause of the noise may have been, the effect was an almost sleepless night to us, as the brutes never ceased till just before dawn, when we had to turn out and light the fire for breakfast."

The rivers of Florida appear to be alive with all kinds of fish, for our author thus describes one of his cruises in Pease Creek:—"I turned the boat's head seaward, and we soon put a couple of miles between us and the shore. As we got further out we found a strong tide running, which, with the wind against it, raised a sea that every moment threatened to swamp us. It was only by watching every wave, and altering the trimming of the canoe accordingly, that we managed to keep afloat; Mansfield and I working our paddles with an energy that made the sweat pour off us, but kept us well before the waves. Looking down through the clear water we could see such shoals of monster fish as made us tremble to think what our fate would be should the waves, which occasionally broke over our gunwale, swamp us. Sharks, saw-fish, jew-fish, sting-rays, whip-rays, devil-fish, and other unknown monsters of enormous size, swam below and around us in such numbers that they bumped against our bottom threatening to upset us, and impeded the play of our paddles in the water. I have no doubt such a statement may appear incredible, but it is no less a fact; and fish exist in Charlotte Harbour of such size and in such numbers as I could not have believed existed in any part of the world had I not myself seen them."

Space will not allow us to quote more from Captain Townshend's interesting and amusing book, which we have perused with great pleasure and satisfaction, having ourselves gone over a good deal of the same ground during the Confederate War; and we have no hesitation in recommending it to our readers as one of the most reliable and truthful records of travel that we have come across for some time, and it will prove of especial value as a guide to any one who contemplates a cruise in this beautiful and luxuriant land, which, like the opposite coast of Africa, should never be visited by the unacclimatised European, except during the healthy season, on account of the pestilential malaria that ever hangs in clouds over its endless swamps, and disseminates its deleterious influences all over the country.

The author is evidently a practical sportsman, as well as an attentive observer of scenery; and the numerous exciting sporting adventures he relates, intermingled with the incidents of travel



and the pleasures and perils he encountered *en route* are so powerfully and graphically portrayed that the work cannot fail to be equally interesting to the geographer, the naturalist, and the sportsman, as well as to those who only read for amusement.

*A Book about the Table.* By John Cordy Jeaffreson, author of "A Book about Doctors," "A Book about Lawyers," "A Book about the Clergy," &c. In Two Volumes. Hurst and Blackett. Only those who have already made themselves acquainted with one or other of Mr. Jeaffreson's previous works can form any conception of the admirable plan and curious interest of this. The author is not a mere snapper-up of undigested trifles appertaining to cookery and kindred matters; anything but a mechanical purveyor of musty morsels from out-of-the-way histories and family recipes; he is rather a philosopher with "a gust" who, making a wise selection from the abundant materials before him, has produced a work which, for shrewd humour, vivid restorations of faded domestic pictures—often a great deal more than restorations—and the household light it throws upon the history of the past is nearly unique. He commences, appropriately enough, with a chapter on grace at meals, taking as a text, a passage from Charles Lamb's essay; "Elia wanted thanksgivings for spiritual repasts, a grace before Shakespeare, another for utterance before a reading of Milton, a third in acknowledgment of the joy caused by a perusal of the 'Fairy Queen.'" Had he delighted in the opera as much as the 'legitimate drama,' he would have suggested that concerts of purely secular music should open with devotional exercise." Doubtless; but was not Lamb slyly laughing in his sleeve when he counselled a grace before Shakespeare? A distinct charm in his essays is their odd, yet gentle perversity. Mr. Jeaffreson adds: "It needs no unusual sagacity and power of reasoning to dispose of the humorist's objections to a practice which is chiefly commendable because it fosters in mankind a universal habit of gratitude to the one giver of all blessings." Surely no one would dream of disposing of any of his objections by the exercise of pure reason! If, indeed, the essayist had not reason on his side when he wrote, "The heats of epicurism put out the gentle flame of devotion. The incense which rises around is pagan, and the belly-god intercepts it for his own." And again, "with what frame or composure, I wonder, can a City chaplain pronounce his benediction at some great hall-feast when he knows that his last concluding pious word—and that, in all probability, the sacred name which he preaches—is but the signal for so many impatient harpies to commence their foul orgies with as little sense of true thankfulness (which is temperance) as those Virgilian fowl!" Lamb (how he would have revelled in Mr. Jeaffreson's book!) was not insensible to the pleasures of the table. In a passage in his "Dissertation on Roast Pig"—the sober seriousness which underlies it can be traced in his correspondence—he says: "I am one of those who feelingly and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as

in mine own. 'Presents,' I often say, 'endear absents.' Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those 'tame villatic fowl'), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, give everything. *I make my stand upon pig.*"

Mr. Jeaffreson almost gets upon the fringe of a respectable platitude when, in the same chapter, he remarks, "The pleasure is not more universal than the necessity of eating. Men may live to eat. They must eat to live. This fact is obvious alike to the prig who thinks it unphilosophic, and to the ascetic who deems it sinful to enjoy a good dinner. Food is the foundation of all human felicity." There is, however, a sort of novelty in the form in which the proposition is put that is acceptable, and, at all events, it serves to show the author's earnestness. And, *à propos* of this vein, he has a way of saying things that is sure to attract attention, if it do not provoke contradiction. In the chapter, entitled "Britons at Table," he observes, "Just as the man who drinks beer inordinately, thinks it, the gross feeder is sure to be a heavy thinker. The man who lives on beef-steaks may be robust, but he is not likely to have nice instincts or a subtle mind." He must not be surprised if the president of the Vegetarian Society should quote that sentence at the next annual gathering of the munchers of turnips and carrots and onion-pie. Such a text is worthy of the attention of Father Newman himself. Anyhow, Mr. James Burns is bound to adopt it as a basis for a homily on dietetics. John Bull to the rescue! "The man who lives on beef-steaks is not likely to have nice instincts or a subtle mind." Mr. Jeaffreson's saving clause, "There are limits to the applicability of every maxim," will not save him, either from the glorification of the vegetarians or the noble anger of the lovers of beef-steaks. Although Dryden (who delighted in huge masses of almost raw meat), and Lord Eldon (whose mouth and eyes watched when his nostrils caught the smell of fried pig's liver and bacon), and George I. (whose liveliest gust was for putrid oysters), are brought forward as exceptions to the rule laid down by Brillat Savarin, and amplified with approval by our author, the fact remains that the inheritors of one of Hogarth's prejudices have as strong a case against Mr. Jeaffreson as fat men of intellect and culture had against Dr. Kenealy during a recent remarkable trial. Our British ancestors were not nice feeders. "Even a Welchman would be slow to boast himself the direct representative of a chieftain who was at best a pious cannibal, with a quick eye for tit-bits at a Druidical banquet." The common food of the poorer sort in those hard and brutal times, was dried corn brayed in mortars and worked into a heavy paste, and when corn failed, acorns. They drank milk, devoured "on gaudy days huge lumps of badly broiled flesh, neglected the fish that abounded in their rivers, and from superstitious motives never ate the goose, the hare, and the chicken." The Roman invader changed all that. From him the younger islanders, nothing loth, learnt "to appreciate the oyster,

to stew the goose, to jug the hare, and cook the pullet in half a hundred ways." Then came the Saxon, who introduced soups, and butter, and—ale! Fish too was a favourite food with the Saxon, "and he cooked eggs in divers fashions." The Dane added nothing noteworthy to the national cuisine, but he was a wonderfully powerful toper.

The chapters on Antique Feasting and Apician Precepts are not calculated to inspire a wish for a revival of the cookery of the ancients, who, for the most part, disguised the raw material in a way that was as superlatively nasty as it was wastefully irrational. After dipping into this portion of Mr. Jeaffreson's book, one is inclined to think that Smollett's caricature of an antique feast was no caricature at all, but a feeble and but slightly distorted reflection of the sickening reality. It is conclusively shown that the culinary portions of "Ivanhoe" is bad history, and farther on the author knocks on the head several other fine old crusted fallacies. "The plum-pudding of our Christmas dinners, fondly regarded by popular fancy as the ancientest compound of 'true old English' fare, is a comparatively modern invention. No older than the Restoration it did not altogether supersede plum-porridge (a mess of unquestionably mediæval descent) before the close of the last century." We should like to linger and cull "a chive" here and there from the history of the once famous English trade in saffron (*vide* "Culinary Colourists,") but our space is getting limited, and we must hasten to close our notice of this most interesting work. Some idea, albeit a slight one, may be formed of the rest of the contents of the first volume by recapitulating the titles of the chapters, each one of which is full of information attractively "served." "Death in the Pot, and Dish-covers," "Mediæval Menus," "Warners and Subtleties, Ancient and Modern," "Carving and Carvers," "Forks and Napery," "Horn, Bell, and Gong," "Manners: and the Want of Them," "Spits and Jacks," "Cruelties and Curiosities," "Numbers at Table," and "Soup," complete the list.

It is no small praise to Mr. Jeaffreson to say that the second volume is equal in interest to the first, the last page as readable and full of matter as any which precedes it. Having given the reader a taste of the author's quality, we have only to draw attention to the subjects dealt with in the concluding half of "A Book About the Table" to prove how exhaustive it is. The dozen chapters in question bear the respective titles, "Fish," "Joints and Steaks,"—note a description of a Christmas dinner in Charles II.'s time, and a compact history of the Sublime Society of Beef-Steaks—"Pie and Pie-tart," "Poultry," "Goose," "Game," "Bread and Vegetables," "The Salad," "Eggs," "Dessert," "Ordering of Feasts," "Cook-shops and Club houses," "The Folk-lore of Feeding," "Epicures," "Political Gastronomy," "Cooks and their Natures," and "Cookery Books." The perusal of "A Book About the Table," and we have read it from end to end, has afforded us immense pleasure, so spiritedly has Mr. Jeaffreson accomplished his by no means easy task, and we shall feel greatly surprised if that pleasure be not shared by more readers than can be satisfied by a first edition.

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SALES BY AUCTION.

**TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,**  
by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 4th.  
1. QUEENWOOD, by Man-at-Arms, out of Win-and-Pay, 4 yrs. (h-b); this mare is the winner of the Queen's Plate and Biennial at Weymouth, Beaufort Hunt Cup at Monmouth, and likely to make a first-class hurdle racer or steeple-chaser.  
Also, RUBY, chestnut mare by Nutbourne, dam by Newminster out of Irish Queen, by Harkaway, then 5 yrs.; covered by Costa.

**TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,**  
by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 4th, the following HORSES, the property, or part property, of Mr. Thos. Stevens, jun. (if not previously disposed of):—  
CRANBOURNE, bay horse by Cranbury out of Constance, by Collingwood out of Languish, by Cain, 6 yrs.  
HAREFOOT (h-b), 5 yrs.  
HIS LORDSHIP, bay horse by Lord Clifden out of The Arrow, by Slane out of Southdown, by Defence, 5 yrs.

GAMMON, chestnut gelding by Blarney, dam by Burgundy, 5 yrs.; a maiden, qualified for hunters' races, a certificate lodged at Messrs. Weatherby's.  
ST. PATRICK, bay colt by Knight of St. Patrick out of Fisherman's Daughter, by Fisherman out of Idyll, by Ithuriel, 4 yrs.

HOUBLON, bay gelding by Grimston out of Hopper, by Mildew out of Hopbine, by Sir Hercules, 4 yrs.  
BUFFON, 4 yrs.

BURGHLEY, bay colt by Knight of St. Patrick out of Ethelinda, by Wild Dayrell out of Ethel, by Ethelbert, 4 yrs.

PATRICK, brown colt by Knight of St. Patrick out of Fisherman's Daughter, by Fisherman, 3 yrs.  
JACK O' LANTERN, brown colt by Voltigeur out of Phoebe, by Touchstone out of Collina, by Langar, 3 yrs.

WORMSLEY, chestnut colt by Chevalier d'Industrie out of Lily, by Colsterdale, her dam Sister to Grey Tommy, by Slight of Hand, 3 yrs.

Also, to dissolve a partnership,  
SIMPLON, bay horse by Master George (son of Papageno) out of Maggiore, by Lecompte out of Evergreen, by Glencoe, 8 yrs.

**TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,**  
by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 4, the following HORSES, well known in the Belfair and Cottismore Hunts, where they have been ridden forward with the Hounds, the property of a Gentleman, and sold in consequence of ill health.  
1. HERWARD, 7 yrs, 16 hands full, up to 17st; a good hunter.  
2. CIGAR, chestnut gelding, 5 yrs, 15.3; a good hunter, very strong.  
3. THE QUEEN, rich dark brown mare; carried a lady two seasons; very strong, and fine action.

**TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,**  
by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 4, the following HORSES IN TRAINING.  
1. IVANHOE, by Broomielaw out of Vexation (The Colonel's dam), 3 yrs; with his engagements, under Lord Exeter's conditions. He is a remarkably fine horse, with great power.  
2. PLANTAGENET, black gelding, by Broomielaw out of Melia; then 4 yrs; good horse to lead work.

**TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,**  
by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 4, without reserve, the following thoroughbred HORSES, with their engagements, to dissolve a partnership:—  
TANGIBLE, chestnut horse, 5 years old, by Blair Athol out of Touch me Not, by Touchstone; no engagements.  
BERRYFIELD, bay horse, 4 years old, by Thunderbolt out of Francesca, by Newminster; no engagements.

THE NAUTCH GIRL, bay filly, 3 years old, by Blair Athol out of Esther, by Touchstone.  
LIBERTINE, chestnut colt, 3 years old, by Saunterer out of Bess Lyon, by Longbow.  
CARNATION, chestnut colt, 3 years old, by Breadalbane out of Gertrude, by Hautboy.

Engagements will be given in the catalogues of the day.

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by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, Jan. 11, 1875, without reserve, the entire Stud of HUNTERS and HACKS, hunted up to the present time, the property of H. Wormald, Esq. (who is suddenly, from ill-health, prevented hunting again this season), together with all the Saddles, Bridles, and Clothing:—

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1. ROYAL IRISHMAN, by Raglan; winner of the 20th Hussars Regimental Cup, 1874.  
2. THE CLAIMANT; up to weight, and very clever.  
3. RINGLEADER, 5 years old, by Tom King (by King Tom), his dam Tidings (dam of Excelsior); a brilliant fencer, and promising steeplechase horse; warranted untried.  
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6. PERI (foaled in 1868), by Hornblower out of Pixie; winner of many steeplechases.  
7. CHAMPION (foaled 1867), by Skirmisher out of Pistiana; only ran twice over a country; likely to make a good steeplechaser.

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3. OUTFIT, by Young Melbourne, dam by Teddington out of Maid of Masham.  
4. ROAN HORSE, by Brother to Bird on the Wing out of Rapid Rhone's dam.

5. LOCKSLEY, by Toxophilite out of Miss Sarah by Don John.  
6. BROWN HORSE, by Tom Bowline, dam by Melbourne out of Miss Whip.

7. CLEVELAND, by Brother to Stafford, dam (General Peel and Knowsley's dam) by Orlando.  
8. DRACO, by Brother to Stafford out of The Drake's dam.

Also the following STALLIONS:  
MAKE HASTE, by Tom Bowline out of Makeshift, by Voltigeur.  
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Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim.

COSTA is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 in., with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good race-horse at all distances. Has had few mares, but has eight good foals this year.

At ten guineas, and ten shillings the groom.  
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**THE CHILD OF THE ISLANDS, a bay Arabian of**  
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Thorough-bred mares at five guineas.

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Australian out of Pasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor) out of Glance, by Waxy Pope out of Globe, by Quiz. Joskin is the sire of Chawbacon and Plebeian, and has never had any mares but his owner's.

At twenty guineas, and one guinea the groom.  
**KING VICTOR, a bay horse, without white (foaled**  
1864), by Fazzoletto (by Orlando out of Canezon) out of Blue Bell (dam of Suspicion out of Scarf (dam of Cashmere), Belle of Warwick out of Barford, &c.), by Heron. From Heron he gets his great size, measuring 16 hands 2 in., high; 6 ft. 6 in. in girth; 9 in. under the knee; and is related to Fisherman, and is almost the only horse at the Stud descended direct from Heron. His stock are very promising. *Vae Victis*, the only starter this season by him, ran second to Cashmere, and second to Galopin at Ascot.

At ten guineas a mare, and one guinea the groom.  
**PROMISED LAND, by Jericho out of Glee, by**  
Touchstone; winner of the Two Thousand Guineas and Goodwood Cup.

At five guineas thorough-bred, three guineas half-bred, two guineas farmers' mares, and five shillings the groom.

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At Baumber Park, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire,  
**MERRY SUNSHINE, (own brother**  
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Merry Sunshine is a bay horse, standing 16.1, has great bone, good action, and is sound.  
Apply to Mr. SHARPE, as above.

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Mr. J. PRATT, Clerk of the Course and Judge.  
Major DIXON, Hon. Secretary and Starter.

**SPECIAL CONDITIONS.**  
Three horses, the property of different owners, to start for each Race, or no Cup or added money will be given.

There are no penalties for Regimental Races of any kind.  
The amount of forfeit and colours must be sent with entry.

No entry will be received from any officer whose regiment or the regiment to which his depot is attached has not subscribed at least 10 sovs. to the Race Fund, and each entry is to be accompanied by a letter from the nominator of the horse, stating that it is, upon his honour, *bona fide* and unconditionally his own property. Officers on half-pay to subscribe 2 sovs. to the Fund.

Entries for the above Races to be made to Major DIXON, on or before Saturday, 6th February, at 14, Charles Street, St. James's, S.W.

The Stewards request that the Subscriptions may be sent to the Hon. Secretary as early as possible, so that the amount added to each Race may be advertised.

**GRAND MILITARY STEEPLE-CHASES, RUGBY.**  
FIRST DAY, February 23rd.

The GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP, value 100 guineas, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with sovs. added, for horses *bona fide* and unconditionally the property of Officers on full or half pay of the Army and Navy. 12st. each. A winner of a Steeple-chase of the value of 50 sovs. to carry 5lb., of twice 50 sovs. or 100 sovs. 10lb.; of 200 sovs. 14lb. extra.

About three miles. To be ridden by Officers on full or half pay of the Army or Navy. The second horse to receive 20 sovs. and the third to save his stake.

**THE VETERAN STAKES.** A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with at least 60 sovs. added by the Town of Rugby, and a purse of sovs. by Officers who have retired, for horses, *bona fide* the property of Gentlemen who have retired from the Army or Navy, that have never won a Steeple-chase up to the time of starting, and that have been regularly and fairly hunted by their owners up to the day of entry with any established pack of Foxhounds or Stag-hounds; 4 years' old, 10st. 3lb.; 5 years' old, 11st 8lb.; 6 years and aged, 12st. 3lb.

To be ridden by Officers on full or half pay of the Army or Navy, or by Gentlemen who have retired from either service. Grand Military Steeple-chase Course, about three miles.

**THE UNITED KINGDOM YEOMANRY STEEPLE-CHASE, of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with sovs. added,**  
for horses, *bona fide* and unconditionally the property of Officers serving in the Yeomanry, to be ridden by Officers of the Army, Navy, or Yeomanry, 12st. each. The winner of a Steeple-chase value 50 sovs. to carry 7lb. extra; of two, value 50 sovs. each, or of one of 100 sovs., 10lb. extra; of one of 200 sovs., 14lb.; and of a Steeple-chase value over 200 sovs., 21lb. extra. Grand Military Cup Course, about three miles.

**THE GRAND MILITARY HUNT CUP, value 90**  
guineas; 2 sovs. entrance, to go to the second; for *bona fide* hunters, unconditionally the property of and to be ridden by Officers on full or half pay of the Army or Navy, that have been regularly and fairly hunted up to the day of entry by their owners with any established pack of Foxhounds or Stag-hounds, and that have never won a Steeple-chase value 20 sovs. up to the time of starting. Five years' old, 12st.; 6 and aged, 12st. 7lb. Grand Military Steeple-chase Course.

**SECOND DAY, February 24th.**  
**THE MILITARY WEIGHT FOR AGE STAKES.** A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, h. ft., with sovs. added, for horses *bona fide* and unconditionally the property of Officers on full or half pay of the Army or Navy, and to be ridden by the same. Four years' old, 10st. 3lb.; 5, 11st. 8lb.; 6 and aged, 12st. 3lb. The winner of a Steeple-chase, value 100 sovs., to carry 7lb. extra; of 200 sovs., 10lb. extra; over 200 sovs., 14lb. extra. Last two miles and a half of the Grand Military Steeple-chase Course.

**THE LIGHT-WEIGHT GRAND MILITARY SWEEP-STAKES, of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with sovs. added,**  
for horses, *bona fide* and unconditionally the property of Officers on full or half pay of the Army or Navy, that have never won a Handicap Steeple-chase value 100 sovs., 11st. each; the winner, up to the time of starting, of any Steeple-chase to carry 7lb. extra; of a Steeple-chase value 100 sovs., 14lb. extra; of above that value, 21lb. extra. The second horse to save his stake. Riders and Course as for the Grand Military Gold Cup.

**THE UNITED KINGDOM YEOMANRY HUNTERS' AND CHARGERS' STAKES, of 5 sovs. each, 2 sovs. forfeit,**  
with sovs. added, for horses the property of Officers of the Yeomanry which have been regularly hunted or ridden as chargers by their owners for the past season or term of training, to be ridden by Officers of the Yeomanry; 4 years' old, 10st. 3lb.; 5 years' old, 11st. 8lb.; 6 years and aged, 12st. 3lb. A winner of any Steeple-chase to carry 7lb. extra; of any two Steeple-chases, 10lb. extra; of more than two, 14lb. extra. Two miles and a half over the Grand Military Steeple-chase Course.

**THE UNITED SERVICE HUNTERS' PLATE, of 40**  
sovs., given by the Rugby Committee, and sovs. from the Fund, for *bona fide* hunters, the property of Officers on full or half pay of the Army or Navy; 4 years' old, 10st. 3lb.; 5 years' old, 11st. 8lb.; 6 years and aged, 12st. 3lb. A winner of a Steeple-chase, up to time of starting, value 30 sovs., to carry 5lb. extra; of 60 sovs., 10lb. extra; of 100 sovs., or more, 14lb. extra. One sov. entrance, to go to second horse. About three miles. Any number of horses the property of the same Officer may run for this Plate.

**NOTTINGHAM SPRING MEETING,**  
1875.  
TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23rd and 24th.  
The following Stakes will CLOSE on TUESDAY, JANUARY 5th.

**FIRST DAY.**  
NOTTS HANDICAP, with 100 added; 1½ mile.  
HURDLE HANDICAP of 100; 1½ mile.

**SECOND DAY.**  
NEWCASTLE HANDICAP, with 100 added; 5 furlongs.  
LITTLE JOHN STAKES, for two-year-olds, 100 added; ½ mile straight.  
GREAT ANNUAL HURDLE RACE, with 100 added; 2 miles.

For particulars see *Racing Calendar*.

BIRMINGHAM STEEPLE-CHASES, FEBRUARY 9th and 10th, 1875.

The following close on Tuesday, January 5, to Mr. J. Sheldon, Temple Chambers, 50, New Street, Birmingham; Messrs. Weatherby, London; Mr. R. Johnson, St. Mary's, York:—

**FIRST DAY.**  
The ERDINGTON PLATE of 100 sovs. (Handicap); about three miles; entrance 3 sovs. (to go to the Fund), to be paid at the time of naming.

Earl of Stamford Mr. J. Sankey  
Sir W. Throckmorton Mr. J. Percival  
Mr. E. Studd Mr. E. St. Clair  
Capt. Sadler Mr. Ellison  
Mr. Mathews Mr. C. Brooke

**SECOND DAY.**  
BIRMINGHAM GRAND ANNUAL HANDICAP of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 200 sovs. added; entrance 3 sovs. (to go to the Fund), which is the only liability if declared; the second horse to receive 25 sovs. out of the stakes; about three miles and a half.

Marquis of Anglesey Mr. T. Golby  
Earl of Stamford Mr. E. Studd  
Earl of Aylesford Mr. W. Holman  
Lord Berkeley Paget Mr. J. Sankey  
Lord M. Beresford Mr. C. Brooke  
Sir Geo. Chetwynd Mr. J. Percival  
Mr. R. Herbert Mr. W. Wilson  
Capt. Sadler Mr. E. Studd  
Mr. J. D. Chadwick Mr. Ellison  
Mr. W. W. Baggott Mr. T. Holmes  
Mr. Mathews Mr. G. Gomm  
Capt. Ley Mr. A. B. Coleman  
Capt. Thowld Mr. J. F. Maine  
Mr. E. St. Clair Mr. G. Clements

**GRAVEN CUP, value 100 sovs., by subscription of 10**  
sovs. each, 5 ft.; the surplus to be paid to the winner; four-year-olds, 10st. 3lb.; five, 11st. 8lb.; six and aged, 12st. 3lb. The winner of any Steeple-chase either in plate or specie value 200 sovs. to carry 7lb. extra, of 300 sovs. 10lb. extra, of 400 sovs. 14lb. extra; maiden four-year-olds allowed 3lb., five 10lb., six and aged 14lb.; six-year-olds and upwards not being maidens but have not won 50 sovs. in 1873, 1874, or 1875, allowed 9lb.; penalties and allowances apply to horses that have won or have been beaten in any country; about three miles.

**THE PAGET HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs.;**  
entrance 3 sovs. (to go to the Fund); about two miles.

Mr. R. JOHNSON, Handicapper.  
Mr. JOHN SHELDON, Clerk of the Course.  
Earl of STAMFORD  
Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE  
Sir Geo. CHETWYND, Bart.  
REGINALD HERBERT, Esq.  
J. DE HELLY CHADWICK, Esq.  
T. E. CASE WALKER, Esq.  
Lord MARCUS BERESFORD, Stewards.

**1875.**  
**SALISBURY RACES will take place**  
on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, the two days after Bath, the 20th and 21st of May; the following STAKES close and name to Messrs. WEATHERBY, or to Mr. HENRY FIGES, Clerk of the Course on or before the FIRST TUESDAY in January (January 6th, 1875).

**FIRST DAY.**  
THE SALISBURY STAKES, a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 3 ft. only to the fund, with 100 sovs. added, for two-year-olds; ½ a mile.

**SECOND DAY.**  
THE WILTON PARK STAKES of 10 sovs. each, 3 ft. only to the fund, with 100 sovs. added, for two-year-olds; ¾ a mile.

**1876.**  
THE LONFORD CASTLE STAKES; ¾ a mile.  
For particulars see *Sheet Calendar* No. 51.  
HENRY FIGES, Clerk of the Course.  
RICHARD FIGES, Secretary.

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**ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE-CAPS,**  
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